

THE BEST PAPER FOR SOCIETY AND FASHION

The Sketch.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.



For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling, and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

DECORATION



By Appointment.

CARPETS

SHOOLBRED'S FURNITURE

Bedding, Linens, Sunblinds, and everything required
for Temporary Hospitals and Convalescent Homes.

Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

HENLEY'S CYDER

Still unequalled; before the Public over a Century. Devonshire Cyder in Bottle. Extra Dry, Dry, and Medium Sweet. Ask for Buff, Green, and Gold Labels—the finest Cyders on the market. Special "F" Brand, Dry or Medium Sweet, in casks of 6 and 10 gallons, etc. Supplied by all leading Wine Merchants.

HENLEY & SON, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.
London Offices and Stores, 51 to 55, St. Thomas's Street, S.E.

LASCELLES & Co.

LIMITED,

Fine-Art Photo-Mechanical Etchers & Engravers

IN

LINE, HALF-TONE, THREE-COLOUR, & PHOTOGRAVURE.

Speciality: Photogravure Etching, Both Flat and Rotary.
PROMPT SERVICE. QUALITY FIRST CLASS.

27, FLORAL STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone: 1030 Regent. Telegrams: "Lasciata, London."

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

is THE War-Picture Weekly.

IT IS A LITTLE LONG PAPER

WHICH IS HANDY TO READ AND HANDY TO SEND TO
THE FRONT; AND IT IS UP-TO-DATE (NOT A "MAGAZINE")

SIXPENCE EVERY WEDNESDAY.

32 Pages in Photogravure and 16 in Half-Tone.

SIXPENCE EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

PRICE SIXPENCE; BY INLAND POST, SIXPENCE-HALFPENNY.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



IN 1888 we started business on a capital of £25,000.

In 1915 we are trading on a capital of many millions.

Then, our weekly output was numbered in dozens. Now, it is numbered in tens of thousands. Originally we had but one factory, small at that. 14 Dunlop factories now produce Dunlop tyres and their component parts at home and abroad. At first it was difficult to persuade a man to fit a pneumatic tyre. Now it is difficult to keep pace with the demand.

Think it out: did this just happen, or is there a very solid reason for it? Does it not suggest that on a value for money basis the bulk of your fellow-motorists have not only bought but bought again?

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LD.,
 Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre
 Industry throughout the World,
 Aston Cross, ... Birmingham.
 LONDON: 14, Regent St., S.W.
 PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

The Sketch

No. 1175.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1915.

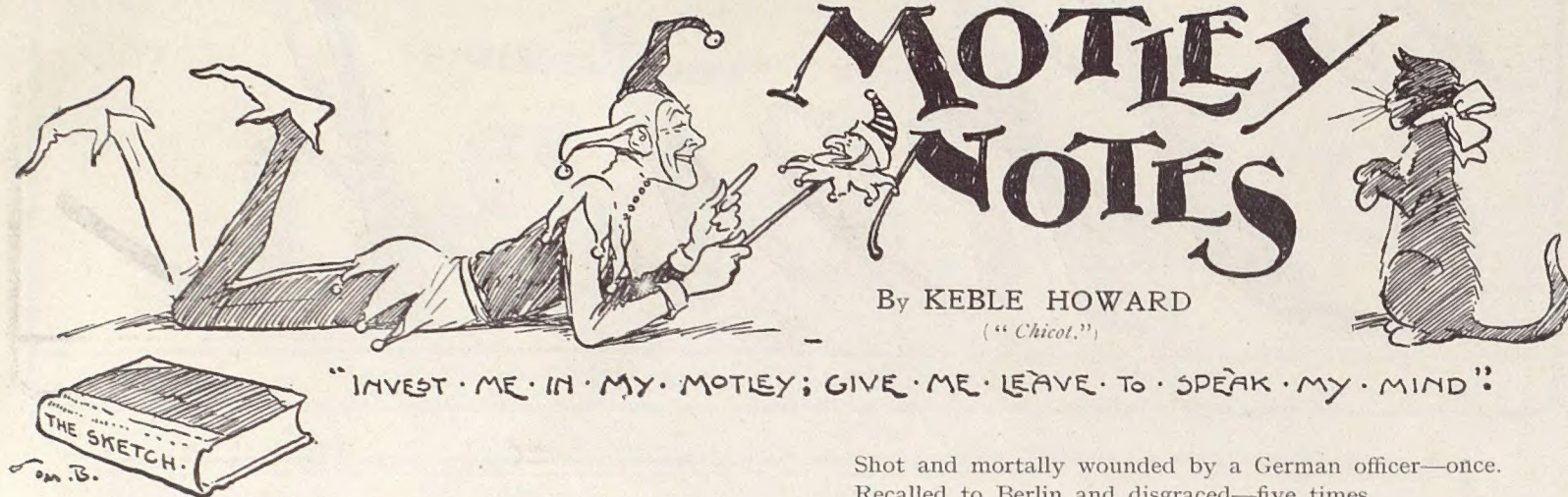
SIXPENCE.



HONOURED BY KING GEORGE : MISS KATHARINE PAGE, DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR,
WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

The only daughter of Dr. Walter Hines Page, the popular United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James', Miss Katharine Page has been signally honoured on the occasion of her marriage, the King having placed the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, at the disposal of the Ambassador for the ceremony—an event unprecedented in the annals of the Chapel. Miss Page is to be

married to-day (Aug. 4) to Mr. Charles Greeley Loring, of Boston, and the young couple have the most cordial wishes for their happiness from troops of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. A portrait of Mr. Loring appears on our "Great World" page, in which further particulars of this interesting and important marriage are given.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.]



One Year of War.

I must be in the fashion, I suppose. By the time this issue of *The Sketch* is in your hands, friend the reader, we shall have been at war exactly one year. Can you remember your sensations on the Fourth of August, 1914? We were all stirred to such depths as we possessed. We were all prepared to suffer for our country, to starve for our country, to die for our country. We all drew very near to each other. Class was practically abolished. We hadn't the faintest idea what was going to happen to us. Nerves, naturally enough, were the order of the day. The Bank Rate was leaping up and up. I think it went to ten. There was a scare about food. Some people, unfortunately, put up prices by laying in huge stocks of food. What has become of those stocks? Have they been consumed, furtively, during the last twelve months? I often wonder, but a natural delicacy prevents me from putting the question to those people I know who laid them in. In my own household, I am glad to remember, the order was, "Buy exactly the same quantities of everything as usual—if you can get them."

We knew that we had a tiny Army, and, though we had the utmost confidence in the Navy, everybody expected an attempt at invasion. We all drilled and joined rifle-clubs. Money was very scarce. Stocks and shares went down and down. Heads of households began to wonder what they were really worth. Yes, it was a thorough shock, that first week of the War—and it did everybody good.

The Rumours.

Then all the rumours began. The Kaiser was mad. The grand fleet of Germany had been sunk in the North Sea. The British Army had been smashed to atoms. The Germans had a gun which would clear the Straits of Dover and smash Dover to little pieces. America was going to side with Germany. The income-tax was to be quadrupled. All the hotels, restaurants, and public-houses were going to be closed. The Government was going to take over all the food-supplies, and dole out food in small quantities to each person until the end of the war. There was to be conscription. Lord Kitchener was to be made Dictator. The Germans were building hundreds and hundreds of Zeppelins in order to destroy London and all the big cities of the United Kingdom. Paris had fallen.

Such were some of the rumours that one remembers offhand. The man of the moment was the man with the latest rumour. He could make our flesh creep quite easily, and he did. You could almost see people's flesh creeping under their clothes. Families collected under one roof and became extremely polite to one another. This was a ghastly feature during those first days of the war. It made one realise the horrors of war. If only we had dreamt of poison-gas in those days! The flesh would no longer have crept; a mad gallop would have been the thing for the flesh. What hard luck on the sensation-mongers that the Germans kept this little trick up their sleeves!

The Reaction.

Then came the inevitable reaction. Paris did not fall. The Germans were no good. The war would soon be over. The Kaiser was shut up in a lunatic-asylum. The Kaiser was dying. The Kaiser was dead. The Crown Prince came into view. These are a few of the things that very quickly happened to the Crown Prince when his personality had been sufficiently impressed upon the public mind—

Killed outright—seven times.

Taken prisoner and shut up in the Tower—four times.

Taken prisoner and shut up in Edinburgh Castle—three times.

Fell into a trench and broke his leg—once.

Shot and mortally wounded by a German officer—once.
Recalled to Berlin and disgraced—five times.
Turned tail and ran away from the Allies—eighteen times.
Convicted of looting—almost every day.
Found drunk in charge of a million men—fifteen times.
Injured by falling out of a Zeppelin—once.
Convicted of atrocities in Belgium—five times.

The Crown Prince, without a doubt, has had as busy a time as anybody since the beginning of the War. Lately, he has come back into public notice by means of a proclamation naming the date when he will break through the line of the Allies in the West. Unfortunately, I have forgotten the date. I wonder if he has.

What of To-Day?

Well, and what of the War to-day? It still remains the same stupid, senseless, cruel, blundering, horrible business. It still remains the greatest crime in the history of the world that could be traced, fairly, to one man. Nothing will give us back the splendid lives that have been lost, the splendid careers that have been shattered. Nothing will atone for the agonies and sufferings and wanton torturings of poor little Belgium. These things have been done. They are done for ever.

But there is a bright side, a gloriously bright side, to the great, grim picture. Nobody can doubt for one second that England—and when I say England, I mean the British Empire, of course; but there is such an irresistible ring in the name "England"—is a far finer, a far nobler, a far more respected nation at this moment than she was when the war broke out. They did not know us; we did not know ourselves. We talked of the Crusades, and the Civil War, and Waterloo, and Trafalgar as of mighty deeds that would never be repeated. All have been eclipsed! Englishmen are precisely the same as they have ever been, save that they are more merciful to the fallen, more humane, more generous than their forefathers.

It will be an amazing nation that dares to challenge the might of England again within five hundred years!

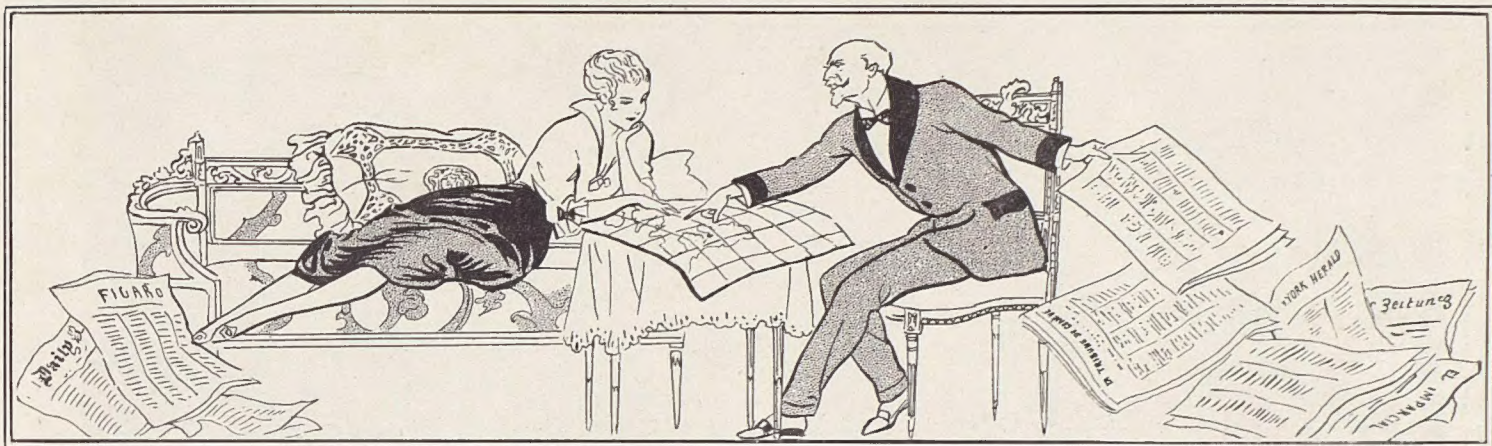
The End of the War.

When will the war end? Do we wish it to end swiftly? In one sense, and that an unselfish sense, we would all like the war to end to-morrow. We would rejoice from the bottom of our hearts that no more gallant lives were to be laid down, that husbands and wives, mothers and sons, brothers and sisters, were to be reunited. That would be a tremendous rejoicing!

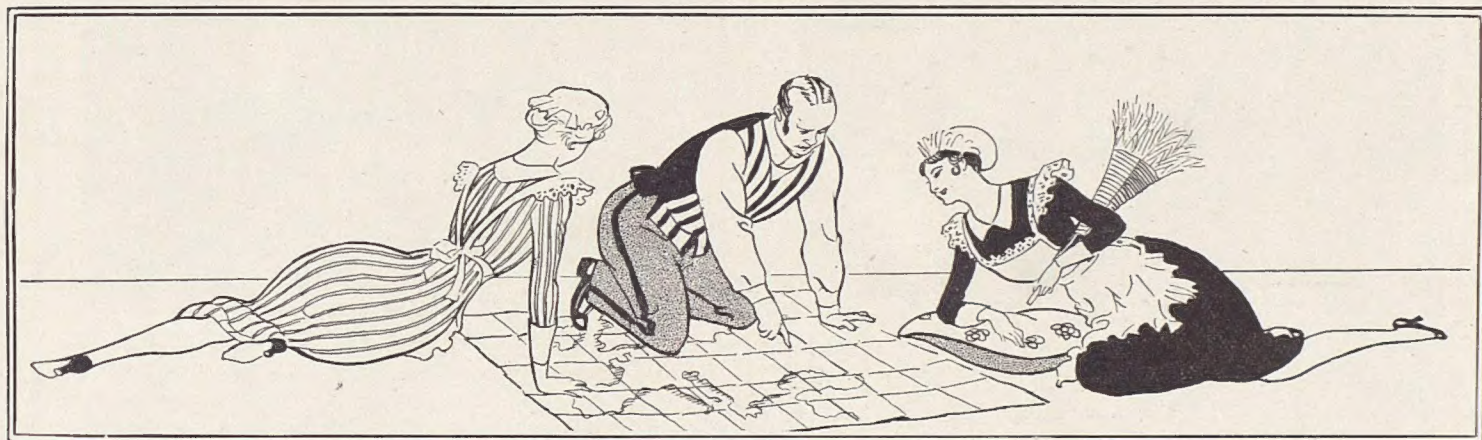
But, in the other sense, we should not wish a speedy ending for the war. Germany, when she begins to talk of peace, will want it quickly. Then we must harden our hearts. We must go on, and on, and on. If every man of us is ruined, what of that? We are nothing but the passing generations. We are merely the temporary tenants of the great estate. We do not really matter. It is the human race that matters. For the sake of the human race, we must not think of a quick peace. October? Rubbish! Three years? Every moment of them! Do you suppose that you can beat a nation like Germany to its knees in three years even? Most certainly, it cannot be done in one year or in two. Think of their preparations! Think of their resources! We are bound to do it because we hold all the trumps, but it will be a long, long game. What sort of a life is it going to be, for instance, for the War Lord after he has thrown up the sponge? Naturally, he will fight to the last moment, and fight his country to the last moment!

I'm sorry, friend the reader, but I'm afraid you'll have to endure. After all, it's a privilege to endure for your country, even if you cannot die for her.

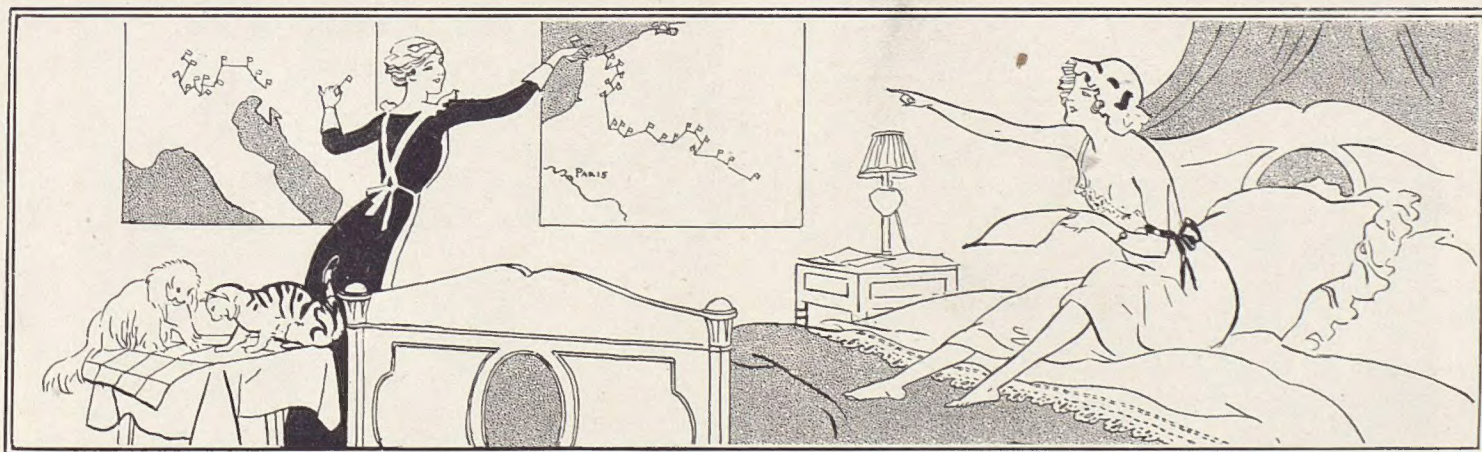
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: STRATEGY VERY MUCH "AT HOME."



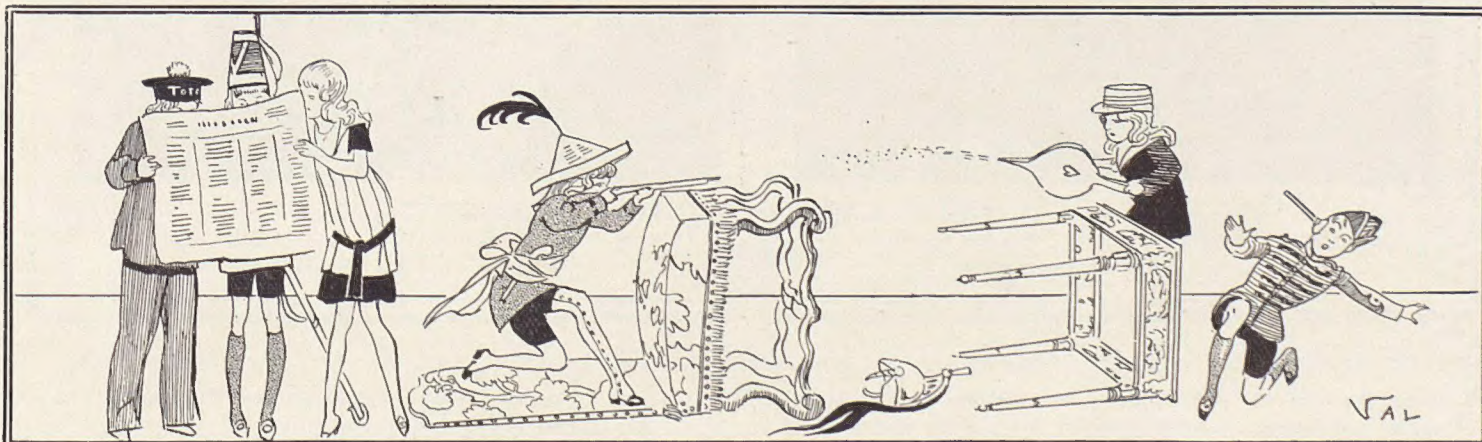
M. LE COLONEL (retired): "I WOULD HAVE THE CAVALRY THERE; AND WE SHOULD BE IN BERLIN IN A FORTNIGHT."



M. JEAN: "THERE, I MAKE IT, IS MACKENSEN; AND THERE, HINDENBURG."



Mlle. LILI BEATS VON KLUCK IN MOST CERTAIN FASHION.



M. TOTO: "CERTAINLY, JOFFRE HAS MANOEUVRED SPLENDIDLY; THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE."

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: WAR-TIME PERSONALITIES.



ON THE BALCONY AT THE A.W.W.H., PAIGNTON:
LADY LOWTHER AND SOME PATIENTS.



AT SEAHAM HALL CONVALESCENT HOME FOR SOLDIERS:
THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.



"THE SINGING GUARDS": LORD HARLECH, OFFICER-
COMMANDING THE WELSH GUARDS.



WITH THE ITALIAN COLOURS: LIEUTENANT GUGLIELMO
MARCONI, OF THE ITALIAN ARMY.

Lady Lowther, who is the wife of the Right Hon. Sir Gerard Lowther, P.C., G.C.M.G., formerly British Ambassador at Constantinople, is taking active interest in the A.W.W.H. at Paignton. Our picture shows her on the balcony, where a group of wounded soldiers are playing cards. Lady Lowther is the daughter of Mr. Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia and Newport, U.S.A.—Lord Londonderry, who succeeded to the Marquessate in February, is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards. Our photograph was taken at Seaham Hall, Co. Durham, which Lord and Lady Londonderry

(who was Miss Edith Chaplin, daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, P.C.) have turned into a convalescent home for wounded soldiers.—Lord Harlech is seen in our picture starting with Welsh Guards, of which he is the Commanding Officer, from Paddington, for Cardiff, where some of the men have been singing at a concert for recruits. Lord Harlech was formerly in the Coldstream Guards.—Lieutenant Marconi the "Wizard of Wireless," has joined the Italian Army, and is in London on a special mission concerning electrical equipment for it.

HALE TO THEE, GABY! Mlle. ROBERT DESLYS.



A "Celebrated Child Actress" in a Sartorial Imitation.

IN "5064 GERRARD"; MR. ROBERT HALE GARBED AS GABY, AT THE ALHAMBRA, WHERE THEY APPEAR TOGETHER IN SIMILAR ATTIRE.

Mr. Robert Hale makes up well as a woman—of somewhat ampler build than the ordinary—as readers of "The Sketch" will remember from previous portraits of that popular comedian in feminine attire. Garbed as Mlle. Gaby Deslys in the Alhambra revue, his costume is particularly effective. The climax is reached when the masculine pseudo-Gaby is confronted with the real feminine Gaby on the stage in costumes which, *mutatis mutandis*, are identical. In the scene "At Murray's Club," in

"5064 Gerrard," Mr. Hale and Mlle. Deslys each appear as "a French artist." In the law-court scene, in which the principal characters are The Man, The Woman, and Their Terrible Trial, Mr. Hale sustains the last-named rôle. A note on the programme regarding this scene states that "the revolving stage patented by the Alhambra will support the weight of the entire company, including the celebrated child-actress."—[Photograph by Wrather and Duys.]



FEMININE TACT? : JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS : BOTHA AND THE BOERS.

The White Feather.

I read that Mr. Kemp the coroner made some strong, but not too strong, remarks concerning the women who taunted a young taxicab driver with being a coward, and drove him to suicide. The young man, though he was married, had tried to enlist, but had been rejected because his heart was weak. Such a man ought to have been free from persecution. He is a victim of our Government's unwillingness to tackle the very difficult problem of universal service, and the consequent upspringing of amateur recruiters who generally give a young man a white feather before they know what is his reason for not being in khaki.

The Badge of the Rejected. If Government insisted that every fit young man should be trained for home defence, the women who take it for granted that every young man who is not in khaki is a coward would lose their self-imposed mission of urging the laggards to enlist, and it would be taken for granted that any young man who did not fulfil his obligation to his country was incapacitated by some physical defect or came under one of the other headings of men excused from service. There has been during this war some talk of a badge that men who have tried to enlist but have been rejected should wear as a protection from taunts and white feathers.

Public Opinion.

But to wear a badge that cries to all the world that the wearer is an unfit man seems to me a cruel thing to force upon anyone. Until the men who rule over us decide that every fit man should serve his country, I do not think that any man should be pressed to declare his reasons to all the world for not having donned the khaki. If public opinion is to force any young man who has been rejected for being unfit to declare to all the world that he is a weakling or ill-formed, then I think that public opinion is doing a cruel thing. Until the Government says to all young men, "You must serve your country," I do not think that public opinion, or that individuals, have the right to do what our rulers have not thought wise to do. I think, and I think vehemently, that every man should be obliged to fight for his home; but I have not asked any man since this war began why he is not in the fighting line or the Territorials. I am not prepared to take upon myself to do what I think our Government should do.

Recruiters' Mistakes.

The young ladies who have a white feather ready to be given to any young man in mufti who in their opinion ought to be in khaki often make mistakes. There is hardly a young Guards officer training at home who has not some story to tell of attacks made upon him by over-zealous amateur recruiters. The Guards officers retain, when all the rest of the soldier world is in khaki all day long, their time-honoured custom of changing into mufti when their work for the day is over. The recruiters, seeing them in mufti and not recognising the Guards tie—if the youngsters are wearing the

Brigade colours—dash at them as being likely lads who ought to slope a rifle and line the trenches in Flanders. If the young Guardsman is a wit, he plays with his persecutors for a while; if he is not, he says bluntly that he has the honour to be an officer in his Majesty's Foot Guards and then stalks on with offended dignity.

A Fractious Victim. The white-feather ladies made a mighty blunder when one of them tried to decorate with a little white plume a young Colonel of the Guards invalided home with a big shell-wound in his chest and with a bit of shrapnel as a trophy in his waistcoat pocket. The Colonel was at first too astonished to say anything, but when he recovered his powers of speech he poured out upon the lady of the feather such a torrent of righteous indignation that she retired abashed.



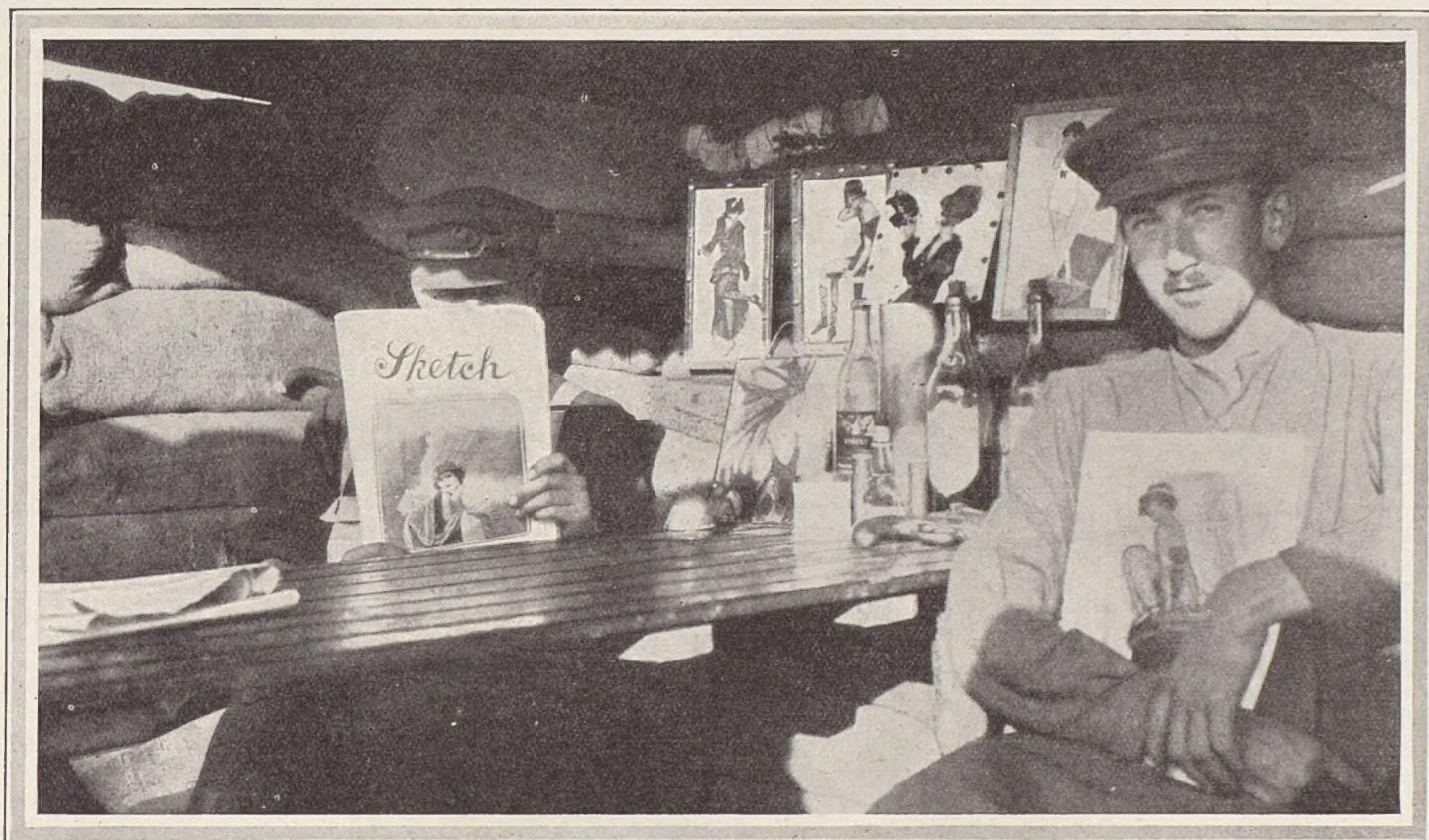
MISSING, BUT NOW FOUND AND RESTORED: MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR'S TRUANT PAIR, "FLUFFY" AND "MICHAEL."

Peg o' My Heart has got her heart's desire again, for "Fluffy" and "Michael" are safely back at home. They have been roaming, it would seem, and for two or three nights Peg o' My Heart had to do without her little aides on the boards of the Globe. A Press appeal brought Miss Laurette Taylor's pets home, and all's well that ends well.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

South Africa.

I should be interested to know what is the opinion of the stiff-necked Boers of the Orange Free State and irreconcilables of the Transvaal of Botha's great campaign, and of his capture of a territory that even to the Boers, accustomed to enormous stretches of high veldt, must seem a vast territory. I am sure that they must be tremendously proud of their countryman, even if many of them are too grumpy to own this. The German map that Botha, speaking at Cape Town, described—on which the whole of South Africa was represented as a German colony, with a patch lettered as "Boer Reservation"—would certainly not please any party of the Boers. The threat of being cooped up is distasteful to a people who have always trekked at their will, leaving civilisation as soon as civilisation began to close in upon them. Both Generals Botha and Smuts know the Boer temper, and both, at Cape Town, made speeches that were intended to tickle the imagination of their compatriots on the outlying farms up country.

THE TRENCHES ; AND SOCIETY : "THE SKETCH" ; A WEDDING.



"THE SKETCH" AT THE FRONT : KIRCHNERS AND "GABY" IN A DUG-OUT NEAR YPRES.

It is more and more evident that our fighting-men—naval and military—appreciate "The Sketch" very much : we must be allowed to boast occasionally ! Scarcely a day passes without our receiving appreciative, and very often amusing, letters from the trenches and from the Fleet, to say nothing of soldiers still in this country. Here is a pictorial proof, a photograph of a dug-out, near the firing-line at Ypres,

decorated with "Sketch" pictures, notably works by Raphael Kirchner and a photograph of Mlle. Gaby Deslys in the windmill-sail head-dress she wears at the Alhambra, in "5064 Gerrard." Writing recently in "Blackwood's," "Junior Sub." said : "Nearly every dug-out is beautified by pictures from 'The Sketch,' which is the favourite paper at the front."



A NOTABLE JEWISH MARRIAGE : THE HON. VENETIA STANLEY ON HER WAY TO HER WEDDING WITH THE HON. EDWIN SAMUEL MONTAGU, M.P.

Very quietly indeed, not merely "owing to the war," but also because the father of the bride was ill, and a near relative had recently passed away, the wedding of the Hon. Venetia Stanley, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Sheffield, was celebrated, according to the Jewish ritual, at the house of the bridegroom's brother, Lord Swaythling, 28, Kensington Court, on Monday, July 26. The bridegroom is

the Hon. Edwin Samuel Montagu, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Lady Swaythling, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady Sheffield, Mrs. Raymond Asquith, and the Hon. Geoffrey Howard were present at the ceremony. There was no reception, but just a family luncheon-party, and the bride and bridegroom left town for The Manor House, Wells, Somerset, which was lent to them by Sir John Horner.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



MISS CHISHOLM, who is to marry Lord Rosslyn's son, does not come from America. Though her prospective father-in-law and his brother both went to the States for a wife, Lord Loughborough looked farther afield. The future Countess of Rosslyn—how confusing the dowagers will be when the time comes!—is a recruit from the Antipodes, proud to call herself "one of the Australian contingent."

The Rosslyns. Lord Loughborough marries young. He is twenty-three, or only a couple of years older than his father was when he succeeded to the Earldom and married Miss Vyner, in 1890. Miss Chisholm must be congratulated on allying herself to a family that is perpetually youthful. Her fiancé's aunt, the Duchess "Millie," has in the last year fallen in love, married, written a book, contested her rights with German Generals in the German lines, and organised and worked ambulances in most parts of France; she has spent the most romantic, and in some ways the most stressful, year of her life, and looks not one day older. For actual nurslings you need look no farther than the next generation—that is, to the Duchess's tiny niece of three years old, who is Lord Rosslyn's daughter and Lord Loughborough's half-sister.

Lady Wernher's Guests. Lady Wernher has decided to lend Luton Hoo Park to convalescents from the King Edward the Seventh's Hospital in Grosvenor Gardens. Those convalescents are in luck. Anybody who has ever seen anything of Lady Wernher and her *savoir faire* can imagine the advantages of Luton Hoo without seeing them. Her garden, she says, is still in the making; but it is good enough to go on with, in two senses, and if she really thinks it needs the finishing touch she will probably find a good deal of talent among her young officers.

Reduced to the Rank. Motors will be available for the journey from Grosvenor Gardens to Luton Hoo. Motors, in fact, are available for most occasions connected with the hospitals in Grosvenor Gardens and Park Lane. The lot of the officer laid up at Guy's and at places somewhat removed from the West—or Motor—End of the town is not so happy. People promise cars, but, being out of touch and sight, they postpone the actual loan in favour of more immediate claims or their own convenience. A wounded officer who was reported well enough to take an afternoon off, and wanted to visit his old school, fifteen miles from London, waited a fortnight on the chance of a lift, and in the end had to take the risk of a jolting in a taxi from the nearest rank.

The Mrs. Astor of the Future. Everybody (which means Mrs. Asquith and a daughter, Lady Cunard, Mrs. Winston Churchill, a Tennant or two, and a few dozen besides) went to Grosvenor Square for Mrs. Astor's afternoon. The hostess herself was very charming, and very nice-looking. Her white hair used, naturally, to be even more sensational and original and attractive a few years ago, when it surmounted an extremely

youthful face; but it is still sufficiently surprising to catch the eye across a crowded drawing-room, and to make most other women wish that powdering or some other temporary effect of the same sort were in fashion. By the time Mrs. Astor really does grow elderly, in the dim future, another miracle will be due. Or would it only be common justice for Nature to arrange that, as the fair American grows older, she will be able to say, "Dear me, my hair is turning black"?

The Ever-Willing. Of Mrs. Astor's name there are at least three possible versions. At one time, in New York, she was the Mrs. Astor; nowadays, in London, "Mrs. John Astor" is in common usage; for herself, she preferred, at any rate for a period, to be known as Mrs. Ava Willing Astor. Her friends, who look in admiration on the multitude of her enterprises on behalf of charity, are inclined to call her "the Ever-Willing."

The Dog Days of Old. Mrs. Ralph Peto, conscious that

she looked quite a little like a good Du Maurier drawing, was at the famous "Peter Ibbetson" *matinée*; and Lady Kathleen Hastings—all interest, as usual, in a new theatrical production, partly for its own sake, and partly because of the plays she has up her own sleeve (which, strictly speaking, is transparently impossible)—was also there. She, of course, was one of many girls too young to remember the appearance of "Peter Ibbetson" as a book in 1892—when Gerald was still a boy and the Du Maurier St. Bernards still paraded Kensington Gardens.

Exclusive. "Excellently done; but it

makes me anxious to get back to my first edition," was the comment of a lady for whom "Peter Ibbetson" must always mean, not a play, but the two buff-coloured volumes that Du Maurier took so much pride in seeing through the press. The love of books, as such, is inherited to a great extent by the present representative of the family. Only the other day Mr. Gerald Du Maurier was correcting proofs on his own account—for a little privately printed brochure to be distributed to about a dozen friends. That sounds exclusive enough, but Mr. Hilaire Belloc is going ten better. He threatens to print

only two copies of his first effort on the private press he is setting up in Sussex.

"British, Sure." Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Harry Lauder are found for once on the same platform—or at least on the same page. Among the messages of admiration for the Navy, in the *Fleet*, the words of these two gentlemen appear together. Lauder tells of his recent journey on the Pacific, and of how his ship was sighted and stopped by a war-vessel. He asked the captain who stopped them, and what was said on the signals. "A war-ship," answered the captain, "and he asked who we were and where we were bound. I told him, and asked him who he was. He said, 'That's our business. All's well. Get on your way.' " "What kind of a war-ship was it?" asked Harry Lauder. "British, sure," answered the captain. "Then," says Harry, "I felt proud."



ENGAGED TO MR. EDRIC C. WOLSELEY, ELDER SON OF SIR CHARLES WOLSELEY, Bt.: MISS CLARE DE TRAFFORD.

Miss de Trafford is the elder daughter of Lady Agnes Maria Pia de Trafford, of Hothorpe, Theddingworth, Rugby, who is the youngest sister of the Earl of Denbigh, and married Mr. Charles Edmund de Trafford in 1892. Miss de Trafford was born in 1895. Mr. Wolseley, of the Staffordshire Yeomanry, is the elder son of Sir Charles Wolseley, Bt., and was born in 1886.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

WEDDINGS AS USUAL: ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MOMENT.

| | | |
|---|--|---|
|  |  |  |
| MISS LALAGE ACLAND: TO MARRY LIEUT. H. G. DYKE ACLAND, R.N. | MISS A. L. M. BRIDGEWATER: TO MARRY SECOND LIEUT. R. DE BEER. | MISS HILDA C. SHAW: TO MARRY MR. WILLIAM PERCY RAY. |
|  |  |  |
| MISS MYSTIE JOHNSTON: TO MARRY LIEUT. CHARLES MARSH-SMITH. | MISS NANCY STRANG: TO MARRY SECOND LIEUT. ROYLE MARTIN. | MISS EDITH F. FAULKNER: TO MARRY MAJOR W. H. LONG. |
|  |  |  |
| MISS HILDA E. G. FRANKLEN: TO MARRY LIEUT. HERBERT C. R. HOMFRAY. | MISS R. CAREW SMYTH: TO MARRY LIEUT. B. O. HUTCHISON. | MISS GLADYS TREEBY: MARRIED (AUG. 3) TO LIEUT. EVERARD E. CALTHROP. |
| |  | |
| | MISS MAYBIRD C. HOGG: TO MARRY CAPTAIN G. E. GOTT. | |

Miss Acland is eldest daughter of Captain John Acland, Dorchester; Lieut. H. G. Dyke Acland, R.N., is youngest son of Admiral Sir William A. Dyke Acland, C.V.O.—Miss Bridgewater is daughter of Major A. A. Bridgewater; Second Lieut. R. de Beer is in the Northumberland Fusiliers.—Miss Shaw is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shaw, of St. Helen's, Huyton; Mr. Ray is eldest son of the late William Ray and Mrs. Ray, of Huyton.—Miss Johnston is daughter of the late Dr. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, Edinburgh; Lieut. Charles Marsh-Smith is eldest son of Captain Marsh-Smith, St. Nicholas-at-Wade, Thanet.—Miss Nancy Strang is only daughter of Mr. William Strang, A.R.A., LL.D., 7, Hamilton Terrace; Mr. Royle Martin is son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Martin, Hamilton House, St. John's Wood.—Miss Faulkner

is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Faulkner, Putney Heath; Major W. H. Long, R.A.M.C., is son of the late Archdeacon Long, of Cashel.—Miss Franklen is eldest daughter of the late Colonel C. R. Franklen, R.A., Cowbridge, Glamorgan; Lieut. Herbert C. R. Homfray, is son of Colonel and Mrs. Homfray, Penllyn Castle, Cowbridge.—Miss Gladys Treeby (Mrs. Calthrop) is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Treeby; Lieut. Everard E. Calthrop, is son of Mr. and Mrs. Everard R. Calthrop, of Loughton.—Miss Smyth is eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Carew Smyth; Lieut. B. O. Hutchison is son of the late Provost Hutchison of Kirkcaldy.—Miss Hogg is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Hogg, Iverna Court, S.W.; Captain G. E. Gott is eldest son of Colonel G. A. Gott.

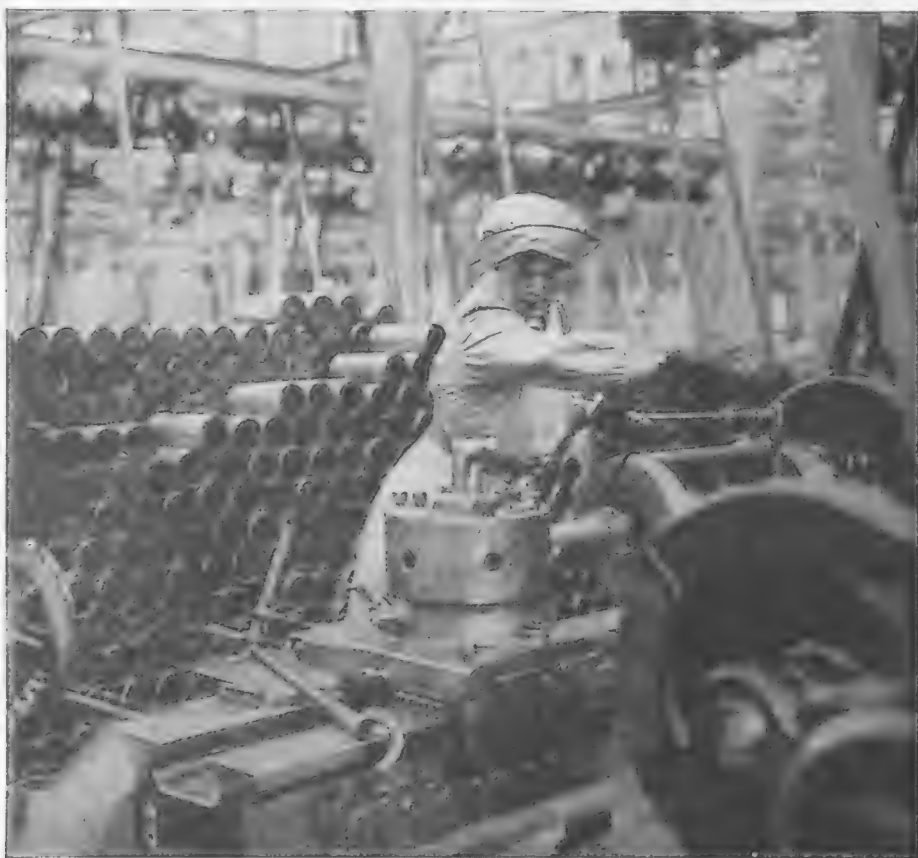
SOCIETY MUNITION-WORKERS: LADY VOLUNTEERS WHO ARE



A STEADY HAND AND CARE WANTED: ENGAGED IN FILLING SHRAPNEL WITH BULLETS.



INCLUDING SEVERAL TITLED LADIES: A GROUP OF VOLUNTEER MUNITION-WORKERS.



WORK THAT NEEDS WATCHING: ATTENDING TO THE TURNING OF THE SHELLS.



A STRONG WRIST REQUISITE: AT WORK ON SCREWING-IN THE FUSE-SOCKETS.

We see here at work a number of ladies, some of them titled, who have volunteered to take their part in helping in the manufacture of war-munitions—shells—at Messrs. Vickers' armament establishment, and are already daily taking their part in the workshops. Their keenness and adaptability, coupled with skilfulness in the tasks allotted to them, has met with the fullest encouragement from the firm, who guarantee to make the ladies sufficiently efficient in a very short time—a tribute in itself to the fine spirit in which the ladies have taken up the work. The day's labour is performed in two shifts of eight hours

HELPING OUR SOLDIERS TO WIN THE WAR, BY MAKING SHELLS.



ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL PROCESSES: OCCUPIED IN POLISHING
HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.



A HOT AND TRYING TASK: EMPLOYED IN SOLDERING-IN
THE FUSE-SOCKETS.



WARM WORK NEEDING CLOSE ATTENTION: RUNNING IN RESIN
TO SET THE BULLETS.



MINUTE EXACTNESS INDISPENSABLE: SEEING TO THE ACCURACY
OF THE GAUGING.

each. The first shift begins at 6.30 every morning and works on until 2.30 p.m. At that hour the second shift comes on duty in relief, and continues until 10.30 at night. Amongst the Volunteers at Messrs. Vickers, some of whom are seen above, are several Society ladies, including Lady Gertrude Crawford, Lady Gatacre, and Lady Colebrooke. Speaking of womens' munitions work, Mr. Lloyd George said in Parliament: "From the experience of armament firms, there is a great deal of work of the finer kind that can be done as well, or better, by women."—[Photographs by Topical.]



MISS PAGE.

MISS PAGE (I call her by that name for the last time) is in most things so American that she might have been expected to marry an Englishman. That, from the insular point of view, is the destiny of the girl who has an opportunity of refreshing the Old World and its aristocracy with the good spirits and lively blood of the New. But look a little closer, and you will see she is so American that she was bound to marry—Mr. Loring.

A Child of Democracy.

Like her close friends, the President's daughters, she belongs in the fullest sense to her country. She is a daughter of democracy rather than of a land divided into the Lords, the Commons, and the still commoners. All the chances are against the English capture of a Miss Wilson; and all the chances were against Miss Page settling down permanently anywhere within a thousand miles of Grosvenor Square. When she arrived here, she was, it is true, filled with a great curiosity about all things English, and particularly about our universities. The first places she visited were Oxford and Cambridge, and she was quite as much interested in the life of the colleges as in their ancient lawns and walls. She had friends among the undergraduates, and was eager to compare notes of Princeton, say, and Balliol. Apart from her own experiences as a college girl, she has an extensive knowledge of the universities of America, gleaned both from her father and her own excursions. Her prejudices held good.

Wrong! Of her father's last day at the Johns Hopkins University she tells this anecdote. He and Woodrow Wilson were fellow-students and friends. The day came when they had to say good-bye to their rooms and to each other. Both had ambitions, but of the two, Page was rather the surer of himself. "When I am President, Woodrow," he said, "you shall go to London as Ambassador."

The College Girl, U.S.A.—

Miss Page is a college girl, and none the less girlish for being one. College, with us, too often produces a long-striding, clean-shaven, khaki-clad sort of woman—a young person who does not manage to amalgamate her studies and her widened interests with her femininity. When she walks in procession (a thing she does only for the purpose of getting somewhere), she hardly attempts to look charming, and succeeds in feeling comfortable no better than the onlooker by the roadside. With the American girl processions are part of the curriculum. Laden with flowers and without any sense of being a pioneer, she walks on fête-days as stately as the maidens of ancient Greece. Poetry, too, is part of her scheme of education. I remember Miss Page telling me of her admiration

for Mr. Alfred Noyes, whom she had heard lecturing in college, and whom she regarded as being quite as important as her professor of higher mathematics. Her knowledge of the standard editions has not swamped her enthusiasms. A little hero-worship (out of fashion at Girton) keeps her young and smiling at her studies.

And a Friend.

From discussing the merits of Mr. Noyes' rhythms, Miss Page turns quite naturally to the merits of the dance-tunes and dancing-floors of New York and London. There, too, she shows the character of the American rather than the English girl, for she combines the lore of the study with that of the ball-room. Among her English friends (Miss Joan Cavendish-Bentinck, by the way, is one of her bridesmaids, or "maids-of-honour," as they are called in Washington) she finds the same association of mixed ideas; but taken all in all, the Miss Pages of America are commoner than the Miss Cavendish-Bentincks of England.

Back to Boston.

An easy talker, Miss Page has done the duties of her father's house in excellent style. But with her brother as an able lieutenant in the small businesses and small-talk of the Embassy, she has not been too closely tied to any one circle of acquaintances or round of work. At the amiable tea-parties for which her family is famous, the responsibilities of the tea-pot are handed over to a friend, and the presence of Miss Page herself cannot be counted on. Now, as in old days, she is more often in her father's company than in the drawing-room. When the *New York World's Work* was in his hands as well as the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Forum*, she learned a good deal of the art of editing, and can correct a proof or revise a manuscript with the proper professional touch. That phase is past. Dr. Page left the magazines behind him. "I have quit," he said to his fellow-editors a few days before he left New York. "I have quit. I view your ranks from outside. And now I see what is wrong with you—there are too many of you." Miss Page, too, has quit. But Boston is to be her home, and in Boston she will be very happy.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY, IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, TO MISS KATHARINE A. PAGE, DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR: MR. CHARLES GREELEY LORING.

For the first time in the history of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, that famous building will be used to-day, Aug. 4, for the wedding of a bride and bridegroom both of American parentage. Miss Page is the daughter of the popular United States Ambassador and Mrs. Walter Hines Page, and Mr. Charles Greeley Loring is a well known Bostonian, son of the late General Charles G. Loring. Owing to the war, the invitations were very limited, and an informal reception only was arranged at the Embassy. The bridesmaids were Miss Frances Leggett, of London, and Miss Katharine Sefton, of Auburn, New York, and the best man was Mr. Frank C. Page. H.M. the King graciously put the Chapel Royal at the disposal of Dr. Page for his daughter's marriage.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.]

Fulham or St. James'.

When the Pages came to London there was talk of great differences between the old régime and the new—between Dorchester House and the dwelling the new Ambassador was looking for in Fulham. The Fulhamites, of course, have been disappointed, and Miss Page's wedding takes place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the special consent and wish of the King.

IN A SHELL-TORN GARDEN: QUEEN ELIZABETH "SNAPPING."



BELOVED OF HER PEOPLE, AND GOING ABOUT AMONG THEM IN SIMPLE ATTIRE AND WITHOUT CEREMONY: THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE SHELL-RIDDLED GARDEN OF A BELGIAN FARMHOUSE.

Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians shares with her heroic husband the love of his subjects and the admiration of all the Allied nations, for the sympathy and devotion she has shown to her people in their time of trial. Our photographs bear witness to the absence of ceremony with which she goes about among them. Here she is seen recording with her camera some of the damage done by German shells in the portion of Belgium that is still in Belgian hands. Not long ago she paid a quiet

visit, in the same unostentatious way, to a point near Ypres from which she looked down on the ruin which the invaders have made of that once beautiful old town. Queen Elizabeth, it may be added, was recently appointed an Honorary Lady of Justice of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England. King Albert was made an Honorary Knight of Justice of the Order at the same time. The sympathies of both are inexhaustible.—[Photographs by Meurisse.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

ONE of the chief rewards of salmon-fishing this year is the gratitude of wounded friends, and strangers, for gifts of fish. Lady Wimborne, evidently, has been taking more than a sports-woman's interest in the success of her husband and his friends in Irish streams, and her diligence in distributing her gifts is greatly appreciated. The arrival of a twelve-pounder, in his picturesque basket wrapping, at the bedside of the invalid who is a little weary of boxes of cigarettes and chocolates is always a notable event. Lady Wimborne is now at Cliff House, Belleek, with her husband and a small house-party.

Guests of 1915. Nowadays the house-party hostess with a stream with fish in it at the bottom of her garden comes in for unaccustomed responsibilities. Very often she finds herself entertaining a convalescent soldier who, though keen for sport, must on no account get his feet wet! Or she may have somebody else's stiff shoulder on her conscience; or a hint from relatives that the casualty-list is the worst sort of reading for a guest with war-nerves. It follows she herself has to do the wading and the casting for this or that friend, and mislay the morning papers at the right moment on behalf of another. A small house-party, she confesses, is a much bigger undertaking than it used to be.

The Wimbornes at Adare.

On the 14th Lady Wimborne goes with the Lord Lieutenant to Adare Manor, lent by Lord Dunraven. More famous streams await them there; but if the fishing palls, as it does on Lord Dunraven when the fish are shy, Adare is not without other great catches. The golf-links among the ruins are most attractive, even if a lost ball, with some partners, offers too tempting an opening for a disquisition on archæology; the model village, too, is something to fall back on; and the Dunraven tobacco-fields and curing-houses are curiosities in which a Lord Lieutenant must needs take an intelligent interest.

Better than Woodbines?

Lord Wimborne, both as the guest of the noble grower and as Viceroy, will feel obliged to sample the Dunraven tobacco. The Turk-Irish cigarette is not, perhaps, an unqualified success. The leaf has to be dried by artificial heat instead of by the sun; and though Lord Dunraven did well to import two Turkish experts to look after the process, he has not wholly solved the difficulty of home growing. The imported Turks, it is said, pay the Adare brand the compliment of smoking nothing else; but no such determination is looked for from Lord Wimborne.

An Ending in Smoke. The smoking-rooms of St. James Street, by the way, are growing still emptier since talk has



WIFE OF A TITLED PERSONAGE WHOSE NAME IS MUCH BEFORE THE PUBLIC JUST NOW: THE BARONESS VON BISSING.

The Baroness von Bissing, wife of Baron Walter Adolf von Bissing, half-brother of the German Governor of Brussels, with regard to whose alleged internment there has been considerable discussion in the papers, is an English lady—at the time of her marriage the daughter of a resident at Hove. The Baroness and her husband have lived in a house in Adelaide Crescent, Hove, since 1893; with a second house in London. Baron von Bissing, who first came to this country in 1876, has been naturalised in England for the past nine years.—[Photograph by Esme Collings.]



BARONET'S WIFE AND WAR-WORKER: LADY MAHON; AND HER THREE CHILDREN.

Lady Mahon is the wife of Sir William Henry Mahon, D.S.O., formerly Colonel of the 4th West Yorkshires, fifth Baronet, of Castlegar, Ahascragh, Co. Galway, Ireland, who saw service in the South African War, and won mention in despatches. She is the second daughter of the fourth Baron Clonbrock, and was married in 1905. Lady Mahon is seen here in the grounds at Castlegar, with her three children, Ursula, George, and Mary, the two last-named being twins, born on Coronation Day, 1911, and named after their Majesties. She is an energetic worker on behalf of our soldiers.—[Photograph by Poole.]

turned on retrenchment. "I only smoke when I can cadge one now. Thanks, I will. National economising, you know!"—such is the questionable logic of a man whose cigars used always to be at the disposal of his cronies. There are others who make the sacrifice more thoroughly. "Not till I can smoke the pipe of peace," is the formula they use.

Under the Plane-Trees.

Lord Aberconway, with various young members of his family to help him, fought the caterpillars in the Park on Sunday; and Mr. Gillett, strolling northwards from his base at the Bachelors', kept one eye on his innumerable acquaintance and the other on the sticky plague that drops from the plane-trees. Neither of these gentlemen has grown suddenly and startlingly older during the last few months, in the way that is common with their slightly younger and more sensitive friends. A man whose alert manner and arranged hair were, a little while back, calculated to give the impression of something under forty summers is now revealed as being something over fifty winters. He must not be regarded as a slacker; but, being above the age-limit, he prefers to make it plain.

Growing Pains.

The person for whom 1915 is thus panning out as a sort of leap-year from forty to fifty may be seen everywhere. You hear of him, moreover, in the "Peerage" offices; and "Who's Who" of next year will contain several new versions of well-known nativities. "Please correct the date of my birth, which is misprinted in the current edition," is a notification not at all rarely found on the editor's desk at the present moment. The curious thing is that the same misprint may have been allowed to stand for the last ten years, and that the passion for exactitude has come on so many people at once.

Mrs. R. H. Benson.

Mrs. Benson, who, for charity, is allowing her wonderful wild gardens at Buckhurst to be invaded by the tame public, knows as much about flowers and the soil as her husband knows about Chinese porcelain and the old Italian Masters. Mrs. Benson spends much of her time at Buckhurst; in town she lives in South Street, a few doors from her sister, Countess Grey, and only round the corner from her brother, Sir George Holford, at Dorchester House.

Other Bensons.

Mrs. R. H. Benson's husband and the R. H. Benson of the novels and the sermons are not to be confounded. The one is a banker, a member of the Turf, a Trustee of the National Gallery, and a collector; the other was a Monsignor and a son of the Archbishop. F. R. Benson the actor (a relative of the Monsignor) and Mr. R. H. Benson of Buckhurst were both, by the way, champion runners at Oxford.

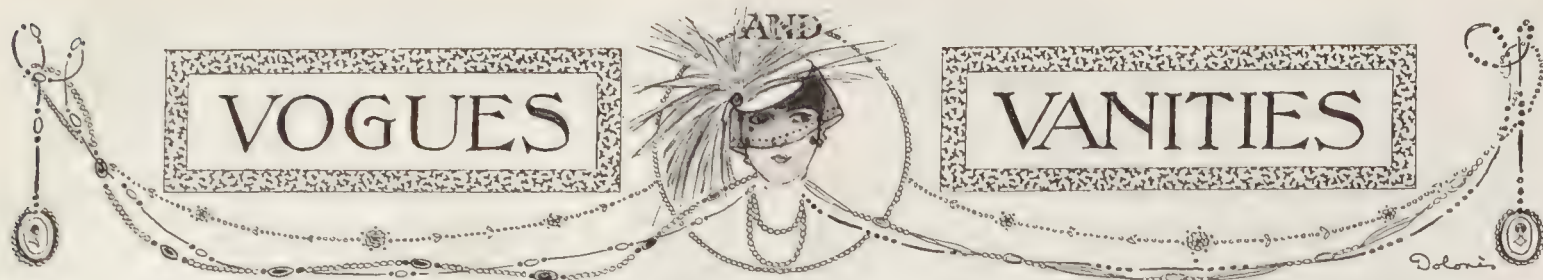
AIRY NOTHINGS.



GEORGE: There goes one of the Anti-Aircraft.

MRS. GEORGE: Yes, dear, I daresay; but we're not aircraft.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Concerning the Blouse.

This is the era of the blouse. For that matter, was there ever a blouseless era? In one form or another, the blouse has always held its own in all parts of the world and in all times ever since clothes were worn. Genesis says Eve's first preoccupation, when she began to pay attention to fashion, was to make herself an apron of materials that would certainly not sell to-day. The Breeches Bible alleges that the garment was bifurcated, but this is surely apocryphal. Probably, if the truth were known, the universal mother set about planning the first blouse,



In its highest and mightiest form—a collar rising ruffle-wise from a straight band of black velvet.

and then, with a womanly flash of genius, saw that there must be something else—she called it an apron, and we call it a skirt—to "go" with it. The blouse, then, is æons old, though it is not so long since the fashion-makers grasped its great potentialities. But never in its triumphant course has it been so supreme as at the present moment. And never has it been so beautiful.

A Range of Choice. The blouse rules everywhere in one of its innumerable forms. Its charm is that it can equally assume any extreme, or strike by sheer force of sobriety. It can have the

shortest or the longest of sleeves. It can carry a collar aspiring to the very hat-brim, or a low collar, or no collar at all. As the handiest of garments, it occupies a paramount position in a woman's wardrobe, and there is almost a different kind of blouse for every hour of the day. Materials are as diverse as designs, and every colour of the rainbow is utilised. There are dream-like fabrics that might have enwrapped a fairy, so transparently indiscreet are they. On the other hand, taffeta, crêpe-de-Chine, linen, and other close materials offer an impenetrable armour against a too bold glance. Or again, there are blouses which are so cunning a mixture of the diaphanous and the opaque that a tantalising glimpse of arm, neck, or shoulder alternates with total eclipse.



Of net over pink ninon—a charming rest-jacket emanating from the salons of Messrs. Shoolbred.



The importance of the collar—a pleated laven collar and cravat, to suit the wearer of a low head-dress.

From Ugliness to Beauty.

There was a time when the blouse was regarded as essentially an undress garment—something to be worn in the house, perhaps in the morning, or for tennis. For any other occasion it was strictly taboo. There was, too, a suspicion of "fastness" attaching to the "Garibaldi," as the blouse was first called. Its wearers were to be regarded with a certain coldness. "Méfiez-vous" was honest Madam's feeling concerning the pioneers, and perhaps not unreasonably, for the first blouse was singularly ugly, if innocent. Worn, as it was, outside the skirt, rigidly belted at the waist, and endowed with a high, straight collar, it yet had possibilities quickly perceived by dressmaker and tailor alike, and as a result of their

energies the "Garry" has passed from its ugly chrysalis state to the butterfly-like creation which is the blouse of to-day.

"Sweet are the Uses."

There is literally no occasion on which the blouse is out of place. Carefully chosen, it enhances the charm of a tailor-made—of which, indeed, it now forms an integral part. If the theatre is toward, the blouse is once more to the fore, in the guise of an ethereal confection of tulle, or lace, or ninon, or net. The skirt to accompany it should harmonise in colour, and then the whole is transformed into a charmingly informal evening frock. At Society's sole remaining diversion, the charity function, the blouse-like corsage tops every frock, and it is as essential to the sports girl's "get up" as the tunic to an officer's uniform. The chief charm of the garment is that it lends itself to every kind of treatment. There are blouses whose ingredients are much ingenuity and a little—just a very little—chiffon or net. Tulle is a favourite medium for those intended for evening wear. Some of this class are décolleté; others have a soaring transparent collar rising ruffle-wise from a straight band of black velvet encircling the throat—a popular fancy of the moment. Nor is the tale of the blouse exhausted here. The lingerie variety alone deserves a treatise. One buttons up to the ears and down to the wrists. Another, while perfectly frank as to chin and throat shrouds the nape of the neck in impenetrable mystery. A simple turn-down collar, a multitude of infinitesimal tucks, and a whole cargo of buttons give character to a third. A fourth, depending for success on sheer simplicity, is content with a tapering frill for its sole adornment.



Much suited to youth is this dainty tea-gown of palest pink charmeuse and figured ninon, bunched here and there with pink roses.

The Collar in Excelsis.

Equal in importance to the blouse is the collar which accompanies it. It may be made of fine net, or muslin, or linen. In its highest and mightiest, which is also its most fashionable form, the chin and features of the wearer are just visible through the opening in front. There is a particularly charming blouse to be seen at Shoolbred's in Tottenham Court Road. It is of blue satin paillette, and is both smart and useful; the long row of buttons is of topaz, and the collar can be worn high or low. From the same source emanate the charming rest-jacket of net over pink ninon decorated with rosettes of pink ribbon, and the tea-gown. Dolores' sketch is sufficient to illustrate the seductiveness of both without the aid of words, but for the information of the curious it may be added that the latter is carried out in palest pink charmeuse allied with figured ninon and pink roses.

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.



VII.—TATCHOING THE BRITISH TO THEIR ENTANGLEMENT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

"THE ENEMY HAS BEEN DRIVEN BACK."

THE STORY OF A NERVOUS SOLDIER.

By J. VICTOR.

LEAGUE after league the brown, dusty figures marched forward. Hour after hour the hard, dry miles dropped behind, and all the time the latest songs of London echoed over hedgerow and vineyard. For these men were going to that vague destination known as the "front," and, consequently, their spirits were in the ascendant.

The single exception to the general light-heartedness was to be found in the person of Curly Bates. He marched along, keeping step mechanically, but his voice did not help to swell the volume of song.

He was always known as Curly because nature had endowed him with what his girl friends called "lovely, wavy hair." Months before that dread word "war" found a place on the lips of men all over the world, Curly had joined the Territorials. Motives of patriotism had not prompted the action. Some of the other fellows in the office joined, and he merely followed suit. It would be fun going into camp in the summer, and the exercise would keep a fellow fit.

Then came the declaration of war; troops were sent to the front. Soon they needed reinforcements—men and yet more men were wanted. The Commanding Officer of Curly's regiment addressed them one day, asking if the single men would volunteer for active service, and those who came under that category responded to a man. With Curly it was another case of following suit, and the reflection, afterwards, of what active service really meant filled him with much uneasiness. But it was too late to draw back, and he embarked on the transport at Southampton feeling like a man going to his execution.

As they approached the war area his mental sufferings increased. A great dread laid hold of him, and his efforts to shake the feeling off were an absolute failure. All sorts of wild and foolish ideas sprang up in his brain. He would pretend to be sick and fall out, so that the Red Cross men would find him; perhaps he could slip away in the night and make for the rear—it would be easy to explain that he got parted from the others and lost his way; it might be better to be taken prisoner and let the enemy keep him until peace was declared. Peace! The prospect seemed remote enough, but even the contemplation made his face brighten up.

A convoy of motor wagons loaded up with stores and ammunition overtook and passed them, disappearing ahead in a choking white cloud. The names of well-known firms appeared on some of the lorries, and Curly's thoughts flew back to the City. Good old London! Sitting in an office poring over cargo manifests and examining bills of lading wasn't such a bad occupation, after all. You could get a decent hot meal in the middle of the day, and then go for a stroll along Leadenhall Street or Fenchurch Street. Then again, you were always sure of getting afternoons off; but on active service, even Sunday was a day of toil.

So his thoughts ran on, until the others, noticing his dejection, subjected him to some good-natured chaff. In ordinary times Curly would have replied to some effect, but now his retorts were half-hearted and lacked sting. Bill Chambers noticed this and spoke up.

"Don't let them worry you, Curly. Our motto's 'Deeds, not words,' isn't it?" he said; and the other gave an affirmative grunt.

In times of peace Bill was in the same office as Curly. He was a few years older than the latter, bigger, and of stronger physique. Since the very first day of mobilisation Bill had done several kindly

services for his fellow-clerk, and a friendship between the two resulted.

The sound of firing was becoming more distinct hourly, and on either side were indications that a hard-fought battle had taken place in the locality. Many of the trees had branches or tops cut off by shells in their deadly flight. Here and there were the charred remnants of peasants' cottages. Big holes in the ground showed plainly enough where shells had dropped and exploded. Deserted trenches, and occasionally a corpse, could be seen; and dozens of hastily filled-in graves marked the last resting-place of some who had fought and fallen.

Still the troops marched on, and the roar of battle increased. As the shades of night crept over the countryside a despatch-rider dashed up on a motor-cycle with instructions from the General. They were to rest until midnight, and then go forward to the trenches.

It was eleven o'clock when the order to advance was given. The firing had ceased, and comparative silence reigned. They went quietly on to the outer trenches, and soon the faint shadows of men could be discerned rising from the ground. Curly saw them, and shuddered.

"Strike me up a gum-tree, if it ain't our relief!" exclaimed a voice with an unmistakable Cockney accent.

"Right first time, matey!" answered Bill Chambers. "Been having a hot time?"

"Not 'alf! Don't know 'ow long we've been 'ere—I've lost count o' the days! We've been driven out of 'ere three times by sheer force of numbers—ten to one sometimes. Still, we've 'eld our own, on the 'ole"—he paused in the act of buttoning the collar of his great-coat and jerked his thumb towards the inky blackness ahead—"and if they ain't lost fifty thousand durin' the last ten days I'm a liar."

"How far are we from their lines?" Curly tried to ask the question nonchalantly, but a queer little quaver crept into his voice.

"Range is twelve 'undred; their artillery is on some 'ills about two miles away. You'll soon find out—about daylight they generally send a few shells just to say 'Good-morning' like." He yawned loudly, and then asked, "Any news?"

"Nothing fresh. We've been footing it for three days, and the last papers we saw were a week old," Bill replied.

"Well, I'm off! Reckon I could sleep on a bloomin clothes-line to-night. Say, 'ave you got such a thing as a fag?"

Curly and his chum produced a packet of cigarettes each.

"Take mine," Curly said. "I don't suppose I shall want them."

The other peered into his face as he took the proffered packet.

"W'y not? Ain't scared, are you? Bit nervous at first per'aps! We all are, but you soon get over it. Any'ow, I'll keep these. So long, mates! Good luck!" he said, and disappeared towards the rear, while the two friends got into the trench with their comrades.

An officer walked by, and soon the word was passed that they could take it in turns to have an hour's rest.

"Go on, Curly! Have forty winks now you've got the chance," said Bill Chambers.

"You! I'll lie down later," Curly protested feebly.

"No; I'm going to have a smoke. You do as you're told," was the firm reply, and Curly obeyed.

[Continued overleaf.]

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM.



GOTT STRAFE EVERYBODY!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

He was in no mood for argument. The depression which had possessed him all day had in no way diminished, and, in addition, he was dog-tired.

Despite the uncomfortable position and the cold, he slept soundly. Presently, in a subconscious way, he seemed to hear the sound of heavy firing. It seemed unreal and afar off. Then came a strange noise, such as he had never heard before—a screaming, rushing noise followed by a terrific explosion. Great clods of earth dropped into the trench, and he sprang up with a cry, wide awake and full of fear.

"What's that, Bill? What's the matter?"

"Only the enemy saying 'Good-morning,'" laughed Bill. "They've been shelling us for half-an-hour, but that last is the only one which has come near."

A violent trembling seized Curly, and he was thankful it was not fully daylight. The bombardment slackened, but when the autumn sun showed in the pale grey sky it was resumed with vigour. The British replied, and the shells soared overhead continuously. From the trenches came the crackle of rifle-fire, and many a head in the opposite lines disappeared, never to rise again. The noise was ear-splitting, and the very earth trembled.

Within Curly a fierce battle was also raging. Physically he was in a state of abject terror. An almost overpowering desire to turn and flee attacked him, and every time a shell passed near he ducked down fearfully. His hands shook so that accurate firing was impossible, and it was only by biting his lip until it bled that he prevented his teeth from chattering. Curiously enough, his brain was calm and collected. He knew he was afraid, and was ashamed. His thoughts rushed back to his suburban home. What would his parents and brothers and sisters think? He hoped they would never know. He must try and accustom himself to these new dangers. By a great effort he brought all his will-power into action with the object of subduing his bodily terror. The voice of Bill Chambers broke in upon his thoughts.

"What's up, Curly? You look as if you'd lost half-a-crown and found sixpence," he said jokingly.

Curly gave a sickly smile: he dare not trust himself to speak.

"I feel a bit nervous myself," went on Chambers; "but I suppose we'll soon get over it—haven't been exposed sufficiently yet."

About noon, after a spell of extra fierce work by their big guns, the enemy's infantry charged. Coolly, and with terrible precision, the British poured volley upon volley at them, leaving big gaps in the advancing ranks. Those who were left turned and fled back to their trench.

Curly shuddered at the ghastly slaughter. The battle within himself continued, and the words of Bill Chambers about not being exposed enough kept recurring in his mind. Suppose *his* company got the order to charge? Could he steel himself to face the ordeal?

Presently he put his rifle aside, placed his shaking hands on the parapet of the trench, and commenced to climb out.

"Here, where are you going?" asked Chambers.

"Just—just—to get—used—to it," stammered Curly.

"Come back! You must be mad!"

But the other only shook his head and dragged himself to the level of the ground. For a moment he remained crouching on his knees, then, slowly and with great effort, he stood upright, facing the enemy.

The men in his own company were amazed, and some called out derisive remarks.

"What's up with Bates? Gone mad?"

"Wants to commit suicide and then blame the Germans."

"It's all right! He's looking for the short cut to Eternity."

"Walk up! walk up! Now on view! Shivering Sam, the only known specimen of the human table-jelly!"

"He's got more pluck than we have, anyhow. Let's see you get up beside him!" called out Bill Chambers.

"No fear! I'm not such a fool!"

"That's where you're wrong—it *is* fear!" was the retort, and the others laughed.

Curly was entirely oblivious to their chaff. He stood there, white of face and quaking with fear. His mind was abnormally active. Places he had visited and people he had met years ago came back to him. Incidents, long since forgotten, marshalled themselves in his brain. The song of the flying bullets was in his ears, and he wondered what it was like to die. And, after death, what then?

"Time's up!" called a well-known voice. Bill thought his chum had stood the ordeal long enough. Curly kept his position a moment longer, then sank to his knees and got back into the trench.

"How do you feel after that ten minutes?" asked Bill.

"Ten minutes? It seemed an hour!" was the reply.

For three days the battle raged without any material change, and for three days Curly battled with himself. Twice every day he forced himself to climb from the trench and face the enemy's fire. His comrades no longer shouted sarcasm; they either took no notice or else shouted encouragement.

On the fourth morning the enemy made a desperate bid to

drive off their relentless attackers. Their number of big guns had evidently been increased, and some of the British artillery was put out of action. Then their infantry sprang up and charged.

In the British lines the officers walked about calmly giving orders.

"Don't fire yet! Plenty of time! Mark your man!"

The grey-coated legions approached at the double. A thousand yards; eight hundred; six hundred—"Fire!"

Every rifle spat forth a death-dealing bullet, and hundreds of the enemy dropped. An incessant and accurate fire was maintained, against which advance was impossible. The enemy's ranks were decimated.

"Fix bayonets!"

The order rang out clearly, and it was obeyed with alacrity; but the order to charge never followed, for those of the enemy who survived that murderous fire were already running helter-skelter back to their trench. At the same time Red Cross men could be seen approaching from the opposite line, and the British paused, too chivalrous to follow up their advantage.

The dead lay in heaps, and the unceasing groans of the wounded could be heard plainly. Curly had fired with the others, and he believed his aim had been true. His nervousness was gradually disappearing, and the knowledge gave him much secret pleasure. He sat on the parapet of the trench, as many of his comrades were doing, watching proceedings. Some, indeed, had gone forward to assist.

The Red Cross men stopped now and again to give the wounded water, or to place them in a more comfortable position. At about five hundred yards distance, they halted and poured a volley into the unsuspecting British. Then they threw themselves among their own dead, and their comrades behind sent another volley over their prostrate forms.

The dastardly trick wrought havoc in Curly's company. Many were killed, including all those who had gone to render aid. So unexpected was the fire that, for the moment, the survivors were paralysed. Bill Chambers had been sitting next to Curly, and he toppled over without a cry. He was quite dead. Curly saw it, and a great sob escaped him. At a gallop there raced through his brain the remembrance of his chum's good points—the cheerfulness, patience, self-sacrifice, and encouragement Bill had always shown.

In a moment the remnants of Curly's nervousness vanished, and the black treachery of the enemy dominated his mind. A wild, uncontrollable fury seized him, and he snatched up his rifle.

"You dirty, cowardly swine!" he yelled, springing from the trench. "Come on!" he cried, and, without looking back, raced onward.

The others needed no second bidding. As one man they sprang out, and the enemy saw a maddened, yelling khaki line rushing at them, and the face of each man in that line was full of the thirst for revenge.

They fired at the racing men, but nothing on earth could stay that charge. The next moment the ready bayonet flashed in the sunlight and the British were among them, shouting, stabbing, hacking, and clubbing with indescribable fury. In wild disorder the Germans fled, flinging away arms and equipment in their terror. Many were so panic-stricken that they cried aloud for quarter. They cried in vain: the quality of mercy found no place in Curly and his comrades that afternoon.

Like a huge wave which carries all before it, they swept on. Trench after trench was cleared, and there remained only the heavy guns. There was a mile of open space to cover, but they never hesitated. With a cheer, they dashed up the shell-swept slope, right to the cannons' mouth.

Three miles away, the officer in charge of a body of cavalry saw them through his glasses, and looked the second time, scarcely believing his own eyes. Then he gave a few orders in quick succession, and as the German gunners fled precipitately from the bayonet the thunder of galloping horses shook the ground and the British cavalry completed the rout.

Throughout the charge Curly had been as a man intoxicated—drunk with excitement and exhilaration. The fierce joy of beating his opponents, the elation of seeing them break and run, filled him with blind, unreasoning delirium; but when these sustaining factors vanished he became aware that his arm had been pierced, that his sleeve was saturated with blood, and that he felt exhausted. Then he remembered no more.

When they dressed his wound, later on, he watched the proceedings interestedly.

"How long before I shall be fit again?" he asked an R.A.M.C. man.

"Why? Are you anxious to get invalided home?"

"No fear! I'd rather go to the firing line!"

The answer was genuine enough, but the R.A.M.C. man shook his head doubtfully.

"You'll have to go to the base, anyhow. It's your right arm, and I don't reckon a doctor will pronounce you fit for action this side of six weeks."

The disappointment Curly felt showed unmistakably in his face.

"Just my luck!" he said in disgust.

THE END.

NOT ACCORDING TO ARMY REGULATIONS!



THE CURATE And what is your son doing at the Front, Mrs. Smith?

MRS. SMITH: Oh, 'e's in charge of a spittoon o' Riflers, Sir; 'e's expectorated 'ome soon on leave.

DRAWN BY C. BLOOR.

WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A Year Ago.

This day, a year ago, "did," as Mr. Pepys would say, "put myself much about to get back to England betimes, being certain that my country would aid France against the Germanic tribes. As a matter of fact, after much parleying, did secure the only vehicle left in my remote Brittany watering-place, found a berth on the crowded packet, crossed the Channel from St. Malo to Southampton with extraordinary speed, our ship being escorted by one of H.M. destroyers up to the busy port of Southampton, already full of vessels marked out for hospital accommodation. On landing, purchased a copy of the *Times* newspaper, which did report how Government had declared war on Germany as from midnight on the fourth of August, and so to London, passing many wagons full of military stores, but perceiving mighty few soldiers on the way to the coast. Did afterwards learn that our troops were everywhere transported in silence, in the dead of night, and with drawn blinds, thus giving rise to much foolish chatter that a Muscovite army from Archangel had passed through England to aid our troops in France, where they were sadly put to it to hold their own until the battle of the Marne. Continued to be surprised that the English people did so lightly view the beginnings of the Great War, but perceive that one year of continuous fighting and the outlay of three millions sterling a day do now incline the islanders to make a great effort."

Canada Arrives.

To live far away from these islands, and yet be English, is to possess more imagination, foresight, and even patriotism than the average lower-class Briton. The Canadian and Australasian have volunteered in their thousands, and have fought magnificently on the battlefields of Flanders and Gallipoli. At the beginning of things the German newspapers openly sneered at the Canadians as "cowboys in slouch hats"; now their military experts describe the soldiers from over the Atlantic as the "Kerntruppen"—the finest fighting material in Europe. It is, of course, true that many of the "Canadians" are young Englishmen who have sought their fortune over there, thereby showing grit, determination, courage—all the qualities the Happy Warrior should possess. Moreover, we saw them arrive, we had them among us for many more months than they cared to wait, and when they went to the fighting line they won instant glory. If anybody thinks that Canada could or would be ready, at a pretext, to throw off allegiance to the Crown, events must have undeceived them for ever.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN LANCELOT DUNLOP BRISCOE: MISS DOROTHY COPLAND

The engagement is announced of Captain Lancelot Dunlop Briscoe, Royal Marine Artillery, son of the Rev. S. T. and Mrs. Briscoe, of Thakeham, Pulborough, and Dorothy daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Copland, of Interlaken. The wedding is to take place shortly.

Photograph by Swaine.

to get this book written, published, and boomed long before any war broke out. There are numerous pacifists at any price in England, and still more people who are in terror lest they should suffer in their pockets; to these Herr Angell appealed with many a wily argument. The game, clearly, was worth trying, and there is no doubt that, to a certain extent, it lulled all sense of danger over here.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



MISS MARIE HOLMAN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. OSMOND HAWKINS WAS FIXED FOR SATURDAY LAST.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Holman, of Gloucester Square. Her wedding to Mr. Osmond Hawkins was fixed to take place at St. James's, Paddington, on Saturday last.

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

Christabel and Norman Angell.

Having been one of the few people who were not at all convinced by the arguments of Norman Angell in his notorious anti-war book, "The Great Illusion," I am greatly interested in Christabel Pankhurst's treatment of this gentleman, and his activities in America on the German side, which has been among the many intelligent features in the *Suffragette* of late. Miss Pankhurst has her eye on this angel of Teutonic sympathies, who writes almost as though he were some Herr Schmidt or Herr Schötz dressed up in lamb's clothing and prating of the blessings of peace and the pecuniary losses of war. At any rate, in the safe neutrality of New York, Herr Norman Angell is suddenly, and candidly, anti-British. It would be quite according to German precedent (they are so fond of these details)

Why the Dardanelles Must Be Forced.

Prestige apart—and that alone is all-important—it is necessary that the Dardanelles be forced. "The first result will be the restoration of communications between Russia and her Western Allies. The declaration of war by Turkey almost coincided with the freezing over of the Russian port at Archangel, and so deprived our Eastern Ally of any means of communication by sea with the friendly world outside. The entrance to the Baltic was blocked by the German fleet, the Dardanelles were closed by the Turks, and Archangel was closed by its annual coat of ice. . . .

The autumn of 1914 saw a heavy wheat harvest garnered on the shores of the Black Sea. It was a food-supply of infinite value to the Allied Forces at a time when the price of wheat was mounting by leaps, and bounds over all the world. But so long as the Dardanelles are closed to our merchant ships the Russian wheat must lie useless in the granaries." That is why the ancients believed that the path to Eldorado lay through the Dardanelles; that is enough to justify the Dardanelles Expedition: the way must be free.

The Straits Forced.

Then to omens! The Straits have been forced. In 1770, seven Russian war-ships, commanded by Admiral Elphinstone, made a hostile entry, and sailed through without the Turks being able to molest them. "An even more remarkable demonstration was made by Admiral Duckworth with a British Fleet in the year 1807. His squadron consisted of eight sail of the line, two frigates, and two smaller craft. He entered the Dardanelles from the Mediterranean, being favoured by a following wind, and had actually passed the Narrows before any attempt was made to defend the Straits. Even then the resistance was very feeble, and, with no more damage than is represented by the loss of six men killed and fifty-one wounded, the fleet entered the Sea of Marmora and anchored off Constantinople." The return was less fortunate. "He was forced to tack about under the very guns of the forts at the Narrows, and these took full advantage of the opportunity. The guns were charged with huge stone shot weighing as much as 800 pounds, and the British squadron suffered very severely. Much more encouraging was the adventure of Admiral Hornby, who, in 1878, took a fleet up to Constantinople, without permission of Turkey. "When they got off the forts of the Narrows a message was delivered by the Governor of the forts to Hornby. It was that the Turks, 'actuated by motives of humanity,' refused to fire."

The Germans Come.

As a consequence of this the arming of the forts was taken in hand by the German experts, and the defences of the Dardanelles became really formidable. "In modern times the forts were supported by mine-fields very cleverly and effectively placed." Even before this the Germans had been engaged in strengthening the defences, equipping them with weapons which included "a 50-ton gun by Krupp and twenty-five 11-inch Krupps." During the Balkan War still more was done; and during the first six months of the present war the enemy were hard at work. The forts and their guns have now to aid them fields of anchored mines, floating mines, many field-guns and light howitzers, and "torpedo-tubes installed at intervals along either shore." And to all this must be added elaborate trenching, with barbed wire and other defences. The desired end will not be easy of attainment—that has been proved—but that it must be attained is certain.—"The Dardanelles" deals with the story of the past and the present, and anticipates—favourably—the future, always in most interesting fashion.

* "The Dardanelles: Their Story and their Significance in the Great War." By the Author of "The Real Kaiser." (Melrose; 2s. net.)



TO MARRY PAYMASTER JOHN D. M. CAVANAGH THIS MONTH: MISS GLADYS BARR.

The engagement is announced of Paymaster John D. M. Cavanagh, R.N. (Secretary to Rear-Admiral A. L. Duff C.B. and eldest son of the late Rev. John Cavanagh, B.A. R.N.) and Gladys younger daughter of Capt. in Francis T. Barr, R.N. of Ripley Castle Avenue, Dover.

Photograph by Swaine.



CLEAR YOUR SKIN

By Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

You may rely on these fragrant super-creamy emollients to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better.

Sample Each Free by Post

With 32-p. book. Address F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C., Eng. Sold throughout the world.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Will Nourish, Strengthen, and Preserve it more effectually than any other preparation, prevent scurf and dandruff, and is specially recommended for Ladies' and Children's Hair, as it is perfectly harmless. Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, of Stores, Chemists, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.
BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED NAVAL
& REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES



15-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Set Diamonds, £5 10s. Others from £7 to £25



18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, £4 15s. With Diamond Numeral and Crown, £10



18-ct. Gold. Enamelled in Colours, Set Diamonds, £10. Without Stones, £4

Any Regimental or Naval Badge can be reproduced in Gold and Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3 10s. to £50. Sketches and estimates on application.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD.

all £2 2 0 each.

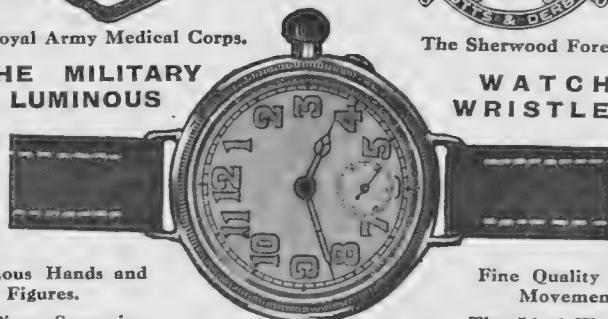


The Royal Army Medical Corps.

The Sherwood Foresters.

THE MILITARY
LUMINOUS

WATCH
WRISTLET.



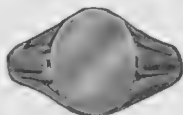
Luminous Hands and
Figures.

One-Piece Screw-in
Silver Case.

Fine Quality Lever
Movement.

The Ideal Watch for
Active Service.

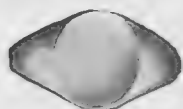
£2 15 0



Solid 18-ct. Gold
Signet Ring,
£3 5 0



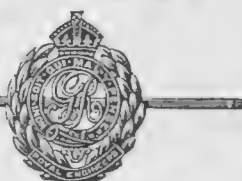
The Royal Artillery.



Solid 18-ct. Gold
Signet Ring,
£1 18 6



The Yorkshire Regiment.



The Royal Engineers.

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT
TO ORDER.

£2 2 0 each.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SERVICE DRESS

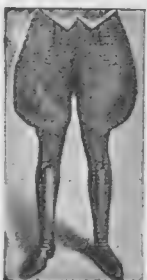
FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR
OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS
ACCURACY AND FIT GUARANTEED



UNEQUALLED
VALUE, FIT, &
STYLE.

Field Service
JACKET from 55-
BREECHES " 25-
GREATCOAT " 84-
WARMCOAT " 63-
RAINCOAT " 55-
PUTTERS " 66
LEGGINGS " 25-

PATTERNS
POST FREE.



MUFFTSUITS &
OVERCOATS
from 63- as sold
elsewhere from 4
and 5 Guineas.

PATTERNS POST FREE

ONLY MAKER OF "HALLZONE" IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"
21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 233 (ins.)
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

HARRY HALL,

"The" Coat, & Breeches Specialist & Habitmaker
207, OXFORD ST., W. 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS,
BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.



USE THIS TO PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

Then you can, without the expense of drugs, retain your health and strength. Refuse cheap substitutes, which are always worthless. If you have any difficulty in obtaining our goods, we will supply you.

OSCAR SUTTON & CO., PRESTON.

Excepting the Government Insurance Act, everything about our works is BRITISH.

Have you tried Iced Coffee?
or, as the French call it,

Café Frappé
KAFFAY-FRAPPAY



It is easily made—
simply add hot water to

MILKMAID
BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY



allow to cool, add a few drops of lemon juice, and serve in a jug with broken ice around, or cool more quickly in a freezer.

Milkmaid Brand Café au Lait is finest Coffee made with milk and sugar added—Hot or Cold it leaves no "grounds" for complaint.

Sold by all Grocers in 5ld. and 10ld. Tins. Sample free on receipt of name and address of Grocer, and 2d. stamps to cover postage.

"Milkmaid Brand," C.P. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

An Ideal Complexion

Enhances Beauty, which is
a Woman's Pride and Joy.

Those who desire to retain a perfect clear skin—pearly white—free from Tan, Freckles, and other skin blemishes—should at once procure a bottle of

GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream



which will render a complexion that will be the envy of everyone. It cannot be surpassed for the relief of tan, sunburn, pimples, freckles, etc.

ORIENTAL CREAM has stood the test of nearly three-quarters of a century.

Of all Chemists. Price 2/- and 6/3 per bottle. Send 2d. for a Trial Bottle.
Dept. SK. FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, 19, St. Bride St., London, E.C.

Boston-Pad Garter

Just the Grip

Rustproof Fittings.
NO METAL
TOUCHES the LEG.

Cotton 1/- pair.
Silk 2/-
by Post 1d. pair extra

WIGG & LOADER,
Hosiery,
6, Copthall Avenue, E.C.
& 54, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.





THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Music Hath Charms

To soothe a soldier's breast; our men at the front, if they cannot have it any other way, do so by mouth-organs. What they really love, in their time of leisure, is a gramophone. It gets their thoughts right off the war they are in the midst of, and gives them rest and relaxation. Many people with friends and relatives at the front, or with the fleets, realise this; but a word to those thus wise: send the one that is easily portable, that is perfectly simple, powerful in tone, with musical qualities equal to those of the most expensive gramophone-cabinets, and that will play any size and make of needle-records. To sum up, send a "Decca"; it weighs only 13 lb., when closed looks like a neat hand-bag, and, further, needs no cover. It is in three styles, at £2 10s., £3 10s., and £5 15s., and can be bought at Harrod's, the Army and Navy Stores, leading stores, and music-dealers everywhere. An illustrated folder, giving every particular, with the name of the nearest agent, will be sent on application by postcard to the Dulcephone Company, Worship Street, E.C.

How to Make the Home Beautiful at Moderate Cost.

It may sound a long way to 48-50, Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, but it is most easy to get there, and all who arrive, consider it worth quadruple the journey. The Furniture and Fine Art Depositories there situated offer splendid opportunities for acquiring really fine things at cost as small as for quite ordinary unseasoned and blatantly new furniture. An important private sale of carpets, plate, linen, pictures, pianos, and furniture is now in progress at the Depositories. Fine pieces and small pieces from the places of the late Hon. W. Lowther, Lady Herbert of Lea, and Colonel the Hon. C. E. and Lady Blanche Edwards; also many other valuable effects, bought *en masse* in very favourable circumstances, are being disposed of at terms even more favourable to small purchasers. An example is a fine upright Brinsmead piano, for £7 15s.; Queen Anne design solid mahogany bedroom suites, fourteen guineas; old Queen Anne Tallboy chests-of-drawers, from six guineas, and everything else is of similar extraordinary value. It is well worth while to write for a catalogue of this sale, mentioning *Sketch*; it is illustrated and gives some idea of the excellent value to be obtained.

Luxuries at the Front.

Fitting out officers for the field of battle has been made a fine art at Mappin and Webb's, Ltd. At any of the firm's fine establishments—158-162, Oxford Street; 220, Regent Street; or, 2, Queen Victoria Street—an inspection of their arrangements for officers' comfort and convenience will well repay anyone who is going to the front; or sending things to friends already there. A field-kit, containing a green Willesden Compactum bed, with a pillow stuffed with horse-hair, a brown War Office bed-sack, a green Willesden folding bath and washstand in sack, a bucket, a folding chair, a brown War Office ground-sheet, and a leather-bound kit-bag, with secure lock—a travelling-suite of bedroom furniture, in fact, for £7 10s. There are cook's boxes, bucket-canteens, with all necessary cutlery,

earthenware, cooking-utensils, and sundries, for four people, at 58s. 6d. A solid pig-skin writing-case, for 7s. 6d.; and a telescopic periscope, complete in a canvas bag, for 14s. 6d.; a grey waterproof, roll-up dressing-case, with a full and most practical fitting in ebony, nickel-plate, and aluminium, for £3 15s.; a special compass for night-marching, with a strongly jointed hinge-cover (the compound illuminating the compass is set into a depression in the metal), in a leather-case, for 30s.—these are but a few of the things from which to choose presents for officers at the front. Officers at home are choosing quite other kinds of presents—engagement and wedding-rings. War marriages are so hurried and so necessarily consequent on leave that military and naval fiancés are frequent visitors to Mappin and Webb's to choose engagement-rings from a splendid stock, and they take the opportunity to possess themselves of the magic, plain circlet at the same time.

Brave and Beautiful.

There is little patience with the pessimists, who are, happily, in a miserable minority—where we shall try to keep them. Women left at home should be bold and courageous, and, of all things, keep their looks. If they let them go, they become depressed, and make their men-kind so. To prevent a nervy feeling degenerating into permanent depression, nothing is more soothing, restful, and recuperative than treatment in the luxurious salons of the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, W. The services of the experts trained by Mrs. Hemming are invaluable in giving tone to the nerves; and all the while such improvement is being wrought in the subject's appearance as will be in itself a tonic to her. Mrs. Hemming has, in her long experience, found that great benefit to the skin is attained by an occasional draught of saline salt, contents of the waters of a Continental spa. An Antacid Saline, too, has been specially prepared which removes from the skin the imperfections caused by rheumatic and gouty acidity. A course of Cyclax Complexion Cachets, familiarly known as C.C.C.s, is now a very popular proceeding with girls and ladies determined to feel and look their best. They find it efficacious, especially in conjunction with visits to the restful, soothing salons,

and the delightful treatment of facial nerves and muscles. When a man comes home from the struggle on the other side of the Silver Streak, it would be positive cruelty to receive him depressed, and at the worst. What bucks him up and sends him brightly back to duty, is finding his womenkind mentally brave and physically attractive as ever.

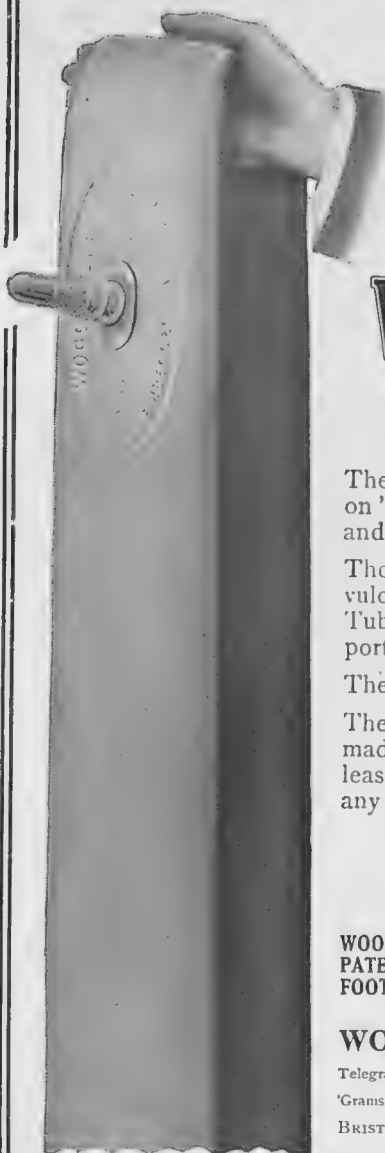
An Historical Wedding.

Mr. Asquith married Miss Margot Tennant in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, twenty-one years ago last May. He was then Home Secretary, and the Earl of Rosebery was Prime Minister. It was expected then that the bridegroom would be Prime Minister. The world and his wife were present: it was quite an historical event. Possibly this may have influenced Miss Violet Asquith in her thought of St. George's for her own wedding as a possible alternative to the Parliamentary church, St. Margaret's, Westminster.



CHIC FASHIONS FOR THE SEASIDE.

The left-hand figure is seen in a bathing-gown fashioned of dark-blue Milanese silk, with bands of embroidery in bright green, yellow, and blue. The flounced skirt is of emerald-green taffeta, and the cap of dark-blue and emerald-green silk. On the right is a gown of scarlet, and black-and-white striped taffeta, with collar and cuffs of white silk, and belt of black patent-leather; while the "coolie" hat is of black waterproof satin.



A Vast Improvement

—the Patent "Embedded"
Valve Pad fitted to the

Wood-Milne Inner Tube

The ordinary Valve Patch is "stuck on" after the Tube has been vulcanized, and is a frequent source of leakage.

The Wood-Milne Embedded Pad is vulcanized flush with the rest of the Tube in one operation, and is an actual portion of the Tube.

Therefore, leakage is impossible.

The Rubber from which our Tubes are made has been proved by test to be at least 45% stronger than that used by any other makers—British or Foreign.

No extra charge is made for
Tubes fitted with the Wood-
Milne Patent Embedded Pad.

WOOD-MILNE
PATENT
FOOT-PUMP.

SIMPLE, SAFE, and PRAC-
TICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE.
As supplied to the War Office
for Cars at the Front.

PRICE
39/6

WOOD-MILNE, Ltd., PRESTON

Telegrams: "Comfort, Preston." Telephone: Preston 413
London: Manchester Av., Aldersgate Street, E.C.1.
"Grams": "Byturning, London." Phone: City 4797
BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, BELFAST, DUBLIN, GLASGOW.

M 517



INEXPENSIVE NEW AUTUMN TAILOR-MADES

During the Holiday Season we are offering a large variety of Autumn Tailor-Made Suits at quite exceptional prices. Recognising the spirit of simplicity and economy which is prevalent in all quarters at the present time, we have aimed at reducing prices without reducing quality. Despite the greatly increased cost of all woollens, the materials used in these garments, as well as their cut, finish, and workmanship, are in no way inferior to the well-known standard of excellence associated with the name of this firm.

STREET SUIT (as sketch), in superfine quality Navy and Black soft Suiting Serge. Coat perfectly tailored and braided. Ample, well-cut skirt.

Special Price, **£4**

Stocked in large sizes, 10/6 extra.

FUR RENOVATIONS & REMODELLING.
Many ladies who, under ordinary circumstances, would have purchased new furs, will this Season probably determine to have their old furs renovated and remodelled. As the new Winter Models are ready customers can rely on their furs being remodelled in the newest shapes and at particularly moderate prices.

Debenham & Freebody

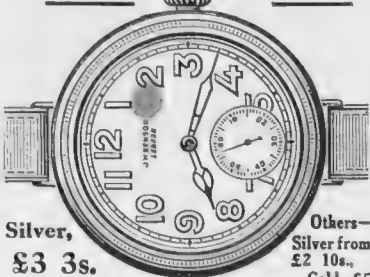
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

J. W. BENSON'S Regimental Badge Brooches.



Artistically modelled of any Regiment.
15-ct. Gold and Enamel
with Platinum Circles, **£3 3s.**

LUMINOUS
"Active Service" Watch
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.



Silver,
£3 3s.

Others—
Silver from
£2 10s.
Gold, **£5**

Fine quality Lever movement, in
strong Silver **SCREW** Case, Dust
and Damp Proof.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.
Fully Illustrated Lists free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

BRIGHTON RAILWAY THE

South Coast Watering Places

with their adjacent **MAGNIFICENT DOWNS**

OFFER AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR
THE CONTINENTAL RESORTS, AND PROVIDE
ENTERTAINMENTS SUITED TO ALL TASTES.

Revitalising air, bright skies, sparkling seas, and social joys abundant.

| WEEK-DAY TRAINS TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORTHING | To Brighton from Victoria 9.0, 10.5, 11.0, 11.40 a.m., 1.0 (Sats.), 1.55, 3.10, 3.40, 4.30, 5.35, 6.35, 7.15, 8.35, 9.55 p.m., and 12.5 midnight; also from London Bridge 9.7, 9.50, 10.32, 11.50 a.m., 1.20 (Sats.), 2.0, 4.0, 5.0, 6.0, 7.20, 9.55, and 10.30 p.m. |
|--|---|
| LEWES EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS | Trains leave Victoria at 0.0, 10.0, 11.15, 11.55 a.m., 1.10 (Sats.), 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, and 9.55 p.m. London Bridge 9.50 a.m., 12.0 noon, 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.39, and 9.55 p.m. ‡ To Lewes and Eastbourne only. § Not to Lewes. |
| LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT | Trains leave Victoria 8.55, 10.20, 11.35 a.m., 1.35, 3.53, 4.53, and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50, and 7.15 p.m. * Not to Isle of Wight. |

Details of Superintendent of Line. L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge.

COMFORT for the WOUNDED.

The irritation and soreness caused by
BED-SORES, CHAFING, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, &c.,
can be quickly relieved by the application of

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE TOILET POWDER.



SOOTHING and EMOLLIENT. NON-ABSORBENT.

PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT SKIN DOCTORS. Prices from 1/-

Supplied to the Royal Family, European Courts, Nobility and Gentry.

JOHN TAYLOR, MANUFACTURING CHEMIST, 13, BAKER ST., London, W.



MAJOR RICHARDSON'S
SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),
as supplied Army in France, **5 gns.**
POLICE DOGS (Airedales),
for house and personal guards,
5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS from **20 gns.**
pups, **5 gns.**
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,
IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,
2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423



Claims Paid **£12,500,000.** Assets **£3,000,000.**

INSURE WITH
The OCEAN
ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE
CORPORATION LIMITED.

Accidents. Fire. Burglary. Motor Cars. Employers' Insurance. Fidelity Guarantees.

MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.



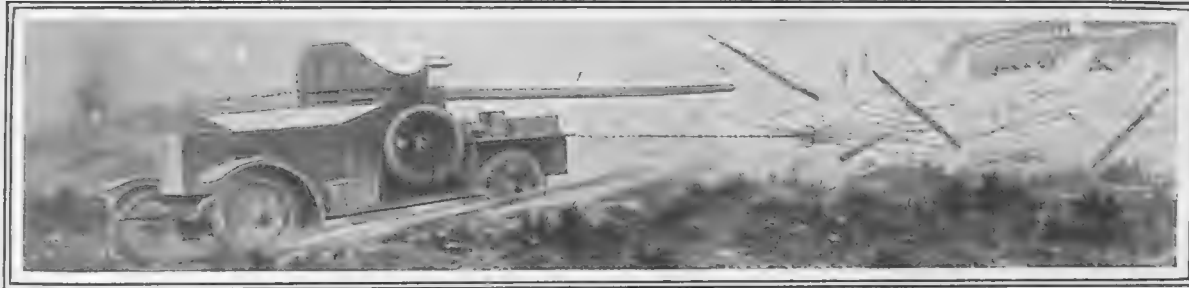
THE PATRIOTISM OF THE A.A. AND MOTOR UNION: A CHRONICLE OF GOOD SERVICES.

Good Work by the A.A.

It was a very commendable record which the Automobile Association and Motor Union was able to report at its annual meeting. The year's work practically coincided with the period of the war, and ample evidence was produced of the efforts which the Committee have made to maintain the Association's usual high state of efficiency consistent with the greatest possible service being rendered to the country. The staff has shown a really splendid spirit throughout,

recruits; while military hospitals have also been assisted in the transport of wounded by the provision of a large number of cars and ambulances. In all parts of the country members have rendered valuable services by taking wounded soldiers for drives. Other directions in which useful assistance has been rendered are the meeting of refugees arriving from the Continent, the distributing of food-stuffs where difficulties had arisen by reason of horses having been commandeered for Army purposes, and collections by motor-

car for the purpose of the Belgian Relief Fund. For the rest, it may be said that the ordinary work of the Association has been carried on as usual, subject to the exceptional circumstances of the year. The Patrol Service has necessarily been curtailed, no men being employed who are fit for active service or munition work. The existing patrols have proved their utility in innumerable ways, especially in such matters as removing dangerous obstructions, reporting upon dangerous corners, straying cattle, unsatisfactory methods of road-mending, etc. It is satisfactory to note that the financial strength of the



AN ARMoured-CAR "GRAPNELLING" ENEMY WIRE-ENTANGLEMENTS: A BRITISH CAR IN GALLIPOLI TEARING DOWN BARBED-WIRE BEFORE A TURKISH TRENCH

A "Times" correspondent in Gallipoli wrote recently: "We can congratulate ourselves on a performance of the armoured motor-cars we are using against the enemy's lines around Krithia. . . . They darted towards the wire-entanglements of the Turks, grappled the wires with iron hooks attached to them by short chains, and then, making full speed to the rear, tore down the entanglements over a length of 150 yards—a gap that was quickly filled with our soldiers."

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville; Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Illustrated War News."

all the members, both male and female, having volunteered to sacrifice a substantial part of their pay, in order that a policy of rigid economy might obtain. This sacrifice was maintained until March last, when the Committee decided that it was no longer called for. Every man fit to serve his country volunteered to join the Navy or Army, and the Association's "Roll of Honour" is of praiseworthy dimensions. As the result of an appeal, upwards of 19,000 members offered their cars or motor-cycles for active service, and the Association submitted to the War Office a concrete scheme for the raising of an Imperial Service Motor Volunteer Corps soon after the war broke out; but, while approving of the project, the Army Council decided that there was no immediate need for a corps of this character. For a considerable period practically the whole of the cars required to meet the wounded at the London stations were furnished by the Association, and similar assistance has been given and is still being given in various large towns. Over 120 ambulances have been presented to our Allies, the chassis being given by members, some of whom also defrayed the cost of conversion. For the latter purpose a special fund was opened, and a sum of £10,000 was subscribed. Some 400 miles of overhead and underground cables to the Continent were also guarded until arrangements were made for the police to undertake the control of this important work.

A Million Miles of Recruiting.

At the request of the War Office, the Association supplied 150 cars to be attached to the various commands for the use of Staff Officers, and 300 members also mustered at Doncaster for a week in view of certain military requirements in the Northern District. A transport section was also organised for the Headquarters Central Detachment of the Special Constabulary, members being required to hold themselves in readiness at any hour of the day or night. In the way of recruiting, the cars provided by the Association have covered over 1,000,000 miles of road and greatly facilitated the enrolment of

Association remains unimpaired, while every week discloses evidence of its practical utility both to its members and the country generally.

Satisfied Owners. There is nothing more convincing as to the merits of a car than the personal testimonies of those who have used it. Messrs. Straker-Squire, Ltd., have done well, therefore, in reproducing a brochure of practical appreciations from their clients, both at home and in the Colonies. While one knows well enough what a sound car the Straker-Squire is in every



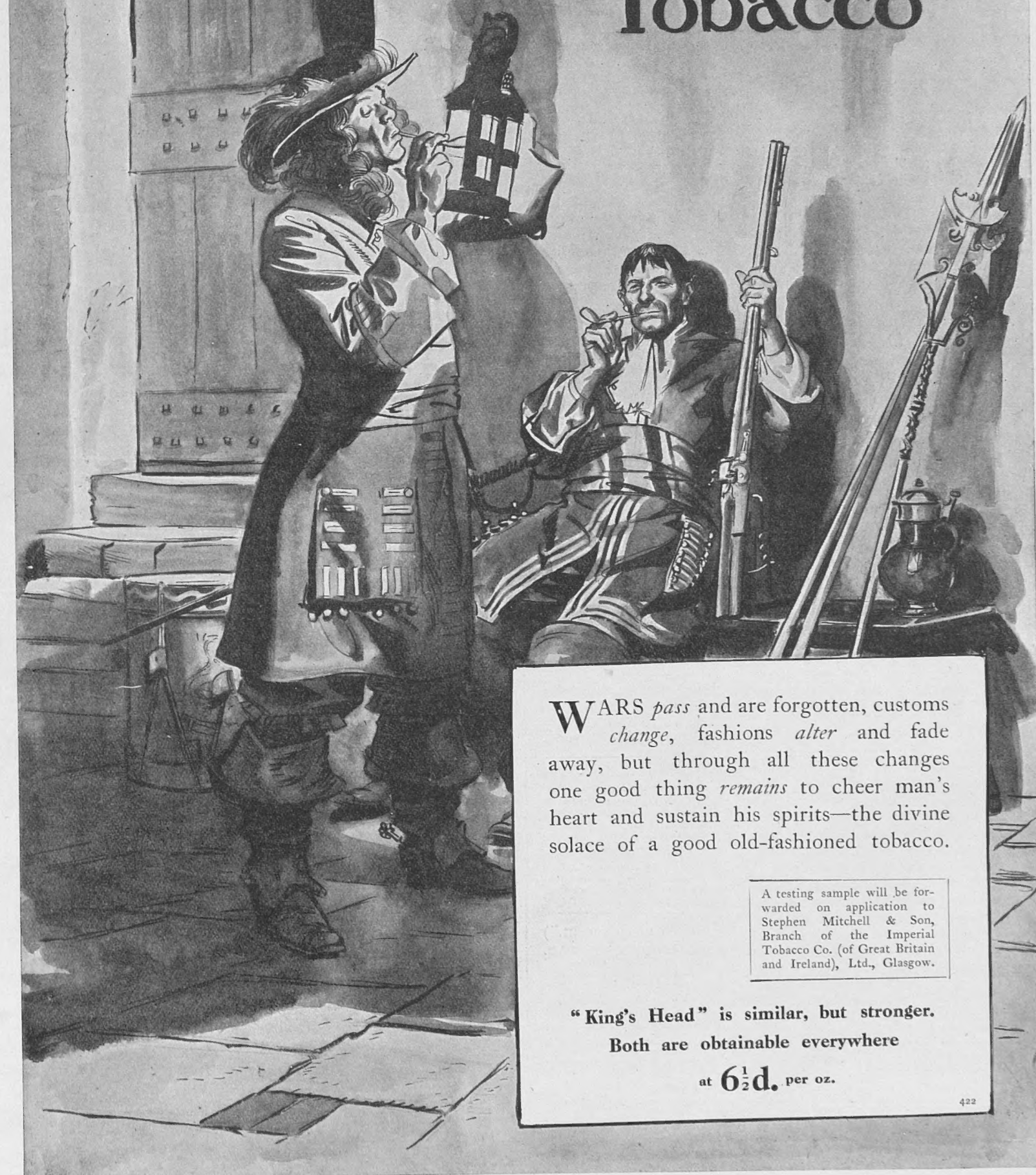
ARMoured-CARS TO THE FRONT IN GALLIPOLI: THE R.N.A.S. LAND FLEET LED BY A CAR WITH A FOX-MASK MASCOT.

Armoured-cars of the Royal Naval Air Service took part in the general attack on the Turkish lines before Achi Baba on June 4. They crossed the British trenches on improvised bridges and dashed across the crater-pitted ground right up to the enemy's trenches, where they did great execution with their Maxims.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville; Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."

way, it is pleasing to read these genuine testimonies, covering so wide a field and based on experiences amounting in several cases to 20,000 miles of use. The firm, of course, is at present engaged upon war work, but deserves, when peace is in sight, to receive a rush of orders such as will ensure a reversion to normal conditions.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco



WARS *pass* and are forgotten, customs *change*, fashions *alter* and fade away, but through all these changes one good thing *remains* to cheer man's heart and sustain his spirits—the divine solace of a good old-fashioned tobacco.

A testing sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar, but stronger.

Both are obtainable everywhere

at 6½d. per oz.

422

**"THREE NUNS"
CIGARETTES**

(Medium)
3d. per packet of Ten.

**"THREE NUNS"
CIGARETTES**

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"PETER IBBETSON," at His Majesty's, was the most important matinee of the season, not merely because all the world was there, from royalty downwards—for that has happened several times—but for the reason that it was the one performance of a serious new play, cast and mounted as if for a run. And, after all, some people appear to doubt whether it was a very important play, whilst others suggest that "Peter Ibbetson" ought to be put into the evening bill. Difference of opinion concerning it is great: as a rule, those acquainted with Du Maurier's novel were charmed, apparently because they saw in the play things which were not there, yet are in the book; whilst those who had not read the original were puzzled, even bewildered. Regarding Mr. J. N. Raphael's work as self-dependent, one finds a kind of combination of two pieces—one, rather violent melodrama concerning people of whom one knows very little; and the other a curious dream-play of somewhat illogical psychology. Fidelity to the novelist caused the introduction of the violent play, the whole function of which was to put the hero in gaol at the end of the third act, so that we might have the strange position of the two lovers separated by "stone walls," yet happy together for many years by reason of their faculty for enjoying simultaneously dreams during which they were united. Thanks to this gift for dreaming, Peter lived quite happily in gaol for twenty-five years, which seems to suggest that he had a greater gift for sleeping under difficulties than is enjoyed by most of us. However, the affair had its really agreeable features from many points of view—for instance, the mid-Victorian party, with wonderful gowns (not a bit stranger or more unbecoming than many of those seen during the present century), and the schottische and mazurka; and then the scenes in the old French garden, the garden of dreams, with the singing of Mme. Clara Butt and her quite competent début as actress; and the beautiful little episode of the old French officer, exquisitely rendered by Mr. Hignett. There is a good deal of tranquil prettiness in the dream scenes. Mr. Owen Nares acted very cleverly as Peter: he succeeded remarkably in suggesting a person who might have such dreams. Miss Constance Collier, although her elocution was excellent, did not give me at all the idea of a dreamy sort of creature. Miss Lilian Braithwaite acted beautifully in a rather heavy part; and Mr. Henry Ainley, without exaggeration, made a startlingly repulsive figure of Colonel Ibbetson. Also there was a clever performance by Mr. Henry Cleaver, and Miss Kyrle Bellew and Miss Eva Le Gallienne amused the house.

"Ready Money" seems a suitable kind of play for the holiday season, since it makes little claim to very serious consideration. As far as I recollect, it ran very well in 1912, at the New Theatre.

DALY'S THEATRE.

BETTY.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New production.
EVENINGS at 8. MATINEES SATURDAYS at 2. Tel. Ger. 201.

EMPIRE.

WATCH YOUR STEP.

Evenings 8.35. Matinee, Saturday 2.15.
GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE,
Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane, &c.
Preceded at 8.0 by "THE VINE."

THE GARRICK DRAMATIC ACADEMY OF CINEMATOGRAPH ACTING, PICCADILLY MANSIONS, 17, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE (Corner of Piccadilly Circus), has vacancies for a few more pupils. Work positively guaranteed after tuition. All classes under the personal supervision of Signor Camilleri, late chief producer of the Italia Film Co., Turin. Producer of "The Fall of Rome," "La Tosca," etc. Fees to suit all. For further particulars, write, call, or 'phone.—ANTHONY KEITH, Sec. (182 Gerrard).

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NOTICE.

MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature.

A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London.

PALACE HOTEL.

("London's most recent.")

CORNER of BEDFORD AVENUE and BLOOMSBURY ST., W.C.

Pleasant Location, close to principal Shops, Theatres, and Stations. Private Suites. Telephone: Museum 574-5.
Fifty Bath Rooms. from 4s. per day.
250 Bedrooms and Sitting Rooms.
First-class Cuisine. Orchestra Performs in Magnificent Lounge daily. Luxuriously Comfortable.
Proprietor: H. E. HOW.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 7s. 3d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 3s. 3d.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s.
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

My one complaint is that it is rather difficult to understand it. However, the story is about an amiable forger and a ferocious detective and a good young American mine-owner—whose conduct would, perhaps, not have satisfied the strictest moralists. The forger is the real figure; he is not such a terrible fellow as the hero criminal of some popular plays, but, fortunately, has no sweetheart, and, instead, some sense of comicality. It may be that his astuteness is not startling—certainly not half as startling as the silk hats and stupidity of the New York detectives. Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the forger made no pretence of being American; he gave, however, an elaborately comic performance which was much appreciated. Mr. Kenneth Douglas acted with very considerable skill as the young mine-owner; and Miss Grace Lane rendered the part of his sweetheart interesting.

"THE GREEN FLAG."

READERS of *The Sketch* will be particularly interested to learn that Mr. Keble Howard's comedy, "The Green Flag," is still attracting large and merry audiences to the Criterion Theatre. The seventy-fifth performance will be celebrated next week, and Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore have the highest hopes of a long run. "The Dramatist at Home," also from the pen of "Chicot," raises the curtain, with Mr. Keble Howard and Miss Pearl Keats (Mrs. Keble Howard) in the two singularly appropriate parts.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY CO., LTD.,

AT the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the shareholders of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Ltd., last week, Mr. Charles Threlfall, Chairman of the Company, who presided, said that he was sure that the meeting would consider the Directors' report very satisfactory. The profits were £216,075 7s. 4d., showing an increase of £6707 4s. 10d. The Directors have written off for depreciation the sum of £56,326 14s. 2d., against £50,599 7s. 2d., have added £1000 to the Workmen's Compensation Fund, and carried forward £40,868 16s., an increase of £1176 19s. 2d., and have contributed £1000 to the Prince of Wales' Fund, and £200 to the Belgian Fund. Eighty-six employees of the Company have joined the Colours, and one, Sergeant J. Borders, of Salford, Loyal North Lancashires, has gained the D.C.M., which was presented to him by H.M. the King, in France. Dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference, and 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, making 9 per cent. for the year, were declared, and the Report unanimously adopted.

IF YOU WANT

your children to be healthy
give them less meat and
more St. Ivel Lactic Cheese
No Advance in Price.

FREE INSURANCE SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE
OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

To whom Notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.

COUPON = INSURANCE TICKET.

(Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.
ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

August 4, 1915

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

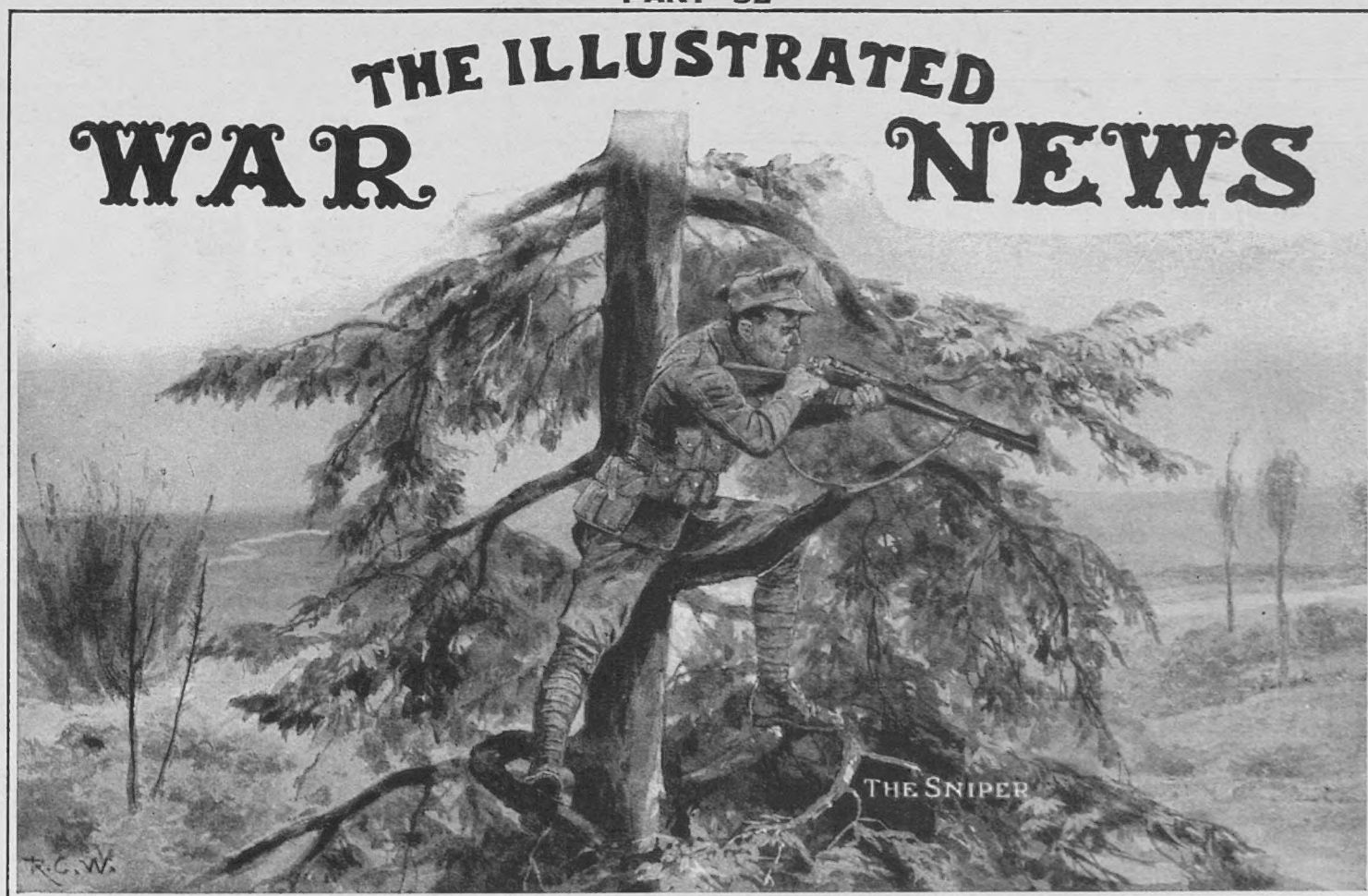
SIX REASONS FOR BUYING THE LITTLE LONG PAPER

CALLED

The Illustrated War News.

- 1.—It illustrates every important action of the War promptly; and is not, like most other war publications, retrospective.
- 2.—It is a complete historical record of the War, week by week; so that each number gives a splendid idea of what is being done in every part of the world which is at present in the theatre of war.
- 3.—It is artistic—examples of the work of all the finest war-artists—French, English, and even German—being found in its pages. Its illustrations are beautifully reproduced in photogravure or in half-tone on art paper.
- 4.—It is accurate and instructive, without being boring. Every reader can understand exactly what is happening, every new phase of warfare, of which there are so many, being fully illustrated and explained.
- 5.—Its personal interest is great: for instance its illustrations of various newly formed regiments, with groups of the officers and non-commissioned officers, give a permanent record of the patriotism of the nation.
- 6.—It is the favourite paper of the Navy and the Army at the Front.

PART 52

EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

Handy to Hold, Handy to Read, and Handy to Send to the Front.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.]

PRICE ONLY 6D. WEEKLY.

[EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Wana-Ranee

The Perfume
of Ceylon

Regd

A Queen among sweet scents, Wana-Ranee is a perfume of exceptional charm: distinctly Eastern in character and wonderfully refreshing.

Used in its various forms, it gives to the complete toilet a delightful atmosphere of harmony and good taste. Each item of the series is a dainty triumph, and altogether Wana-Ranee is

A Dream of Oriental Fragrance

Perfume, 2/9, 5/-, 9/6, 14/9, 27/6 Hair Lotion, 3/9 Toilet Water, 3/6
Brilliantine, 1/- and 1/9 Dental Cream, 1/- per tube.
Face Powder, 1/- Toilet Cream, 1/- Soap, 6d. and 1/1 per tablet.
Bath Crystals, 2/9 and 5/- Sachet, 6d.
Cachous, 3d. per box. Shampoo Powders, 1/- per box of 7.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers.

Send for
Trial
Outfit

of Perfume, Soap, Face Cream, and Face Powder,
with a copy of the new Toilet Guide, post free for 6d.
Address Dept. W1, Messrs. J. Grossmith & Son,
Newgate Street, London, E.C.

J. GROSSMITH & SON
DISTILLERS OF PERFUMES NEWGATE ST. LONDON



POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

OFFICERS' KIT.

"I regard the reputation of Pope & Bradley at stake over every individual military garment produced by the House during the War."—H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE making of Officers' uniforms for active service is an art entirely distinct from multi tailoring, and unless each garment is cut and fitted by experienced military cutters, it is impossible to obtain the correct military style. It is imperative, therefore, to impress upon Officers who have not seen active service the necessity of ordering their Kit only from recognised military establishments. Second-grade materials and workmanship are useless, and will not stand even for a few weeks the excessive strain of work at the Front. To economise over Service Kit is not only a false but a suicidal policy.

The House of Pope & Bradley holds a pre-eminent position amongst the few exclusive West-End Military tailors, and their Service connection includes practically every commissioned rank in the Army.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Service Jacket | £3 13 6 |
| Slacks | £1 5 0 |
| Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin strapped) | £2 12 6 |
| British Warm | £3 15 0 |

All Accessories in Camp and Service
Equipment supplied at Store Prices.

Full Kit List on application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

LIFE

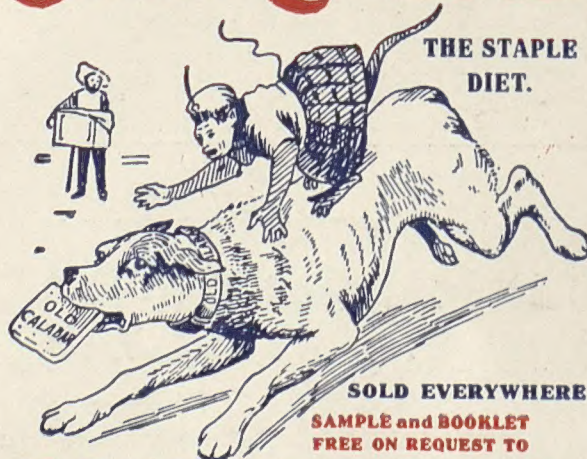
Health and Spirits are all dependent upon the functional habits of the body—and there is nothing so damaging to these as to allow the bowels to become habitually constipated. Ficolax, the original fruit laxative, corrects and cures. But be sure it is FI-CO-LAX—British and Best.



Sold by all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/9.

THE FICOLAX CO., 30, Graham Street, London, N.

OLD CALABAR



THE STAPLE
DIET.

"PERFECT"
FOOD
AND
BULL-DOG
MEAL

White meals of
the purest quality,
containing the
best of meat.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

SAMPLE and BOOKLET
FREE ON REQUEST TO

OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., LIVERPOOL, ENG.

A perfect feed
for every breed.